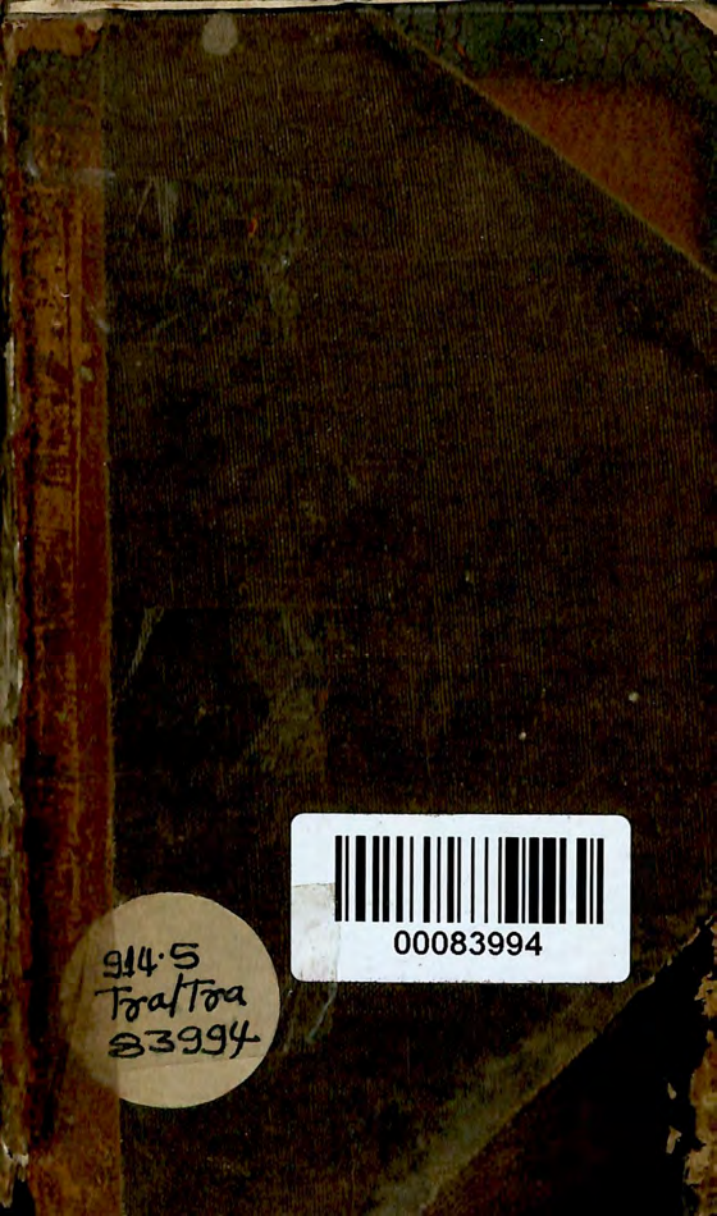
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TRANSALPINE MEMOIRS;

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ITALY AND THE ITALIANS.

"A urious sight,
"And very much unlike what people write."
Don Juan, Canto xi.

BY

AN ENGLISH CATHOLIC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. II.

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LETTER XXV.

Naples, 5th Dec. 1824.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

NAPLES is far from being a fine city. Its streets are irregular and narrow, and contain few buildings that can boast of any architectural merit. Excepting the Strada di Toledo, which is undoubtedly a magnificent street, and the Riviera di Chiaja—the fame of which is entirely derived from its view of the bay—the town is, in its other parts, inferior to most Italian capitals. "What then," you might ask, "is it that, in Naples, so much delights all "travellers?" It is, doubtless, the natural beauty of its situation. And yet, on examination, we do not at first perceive in what this

beauty consists. The country around the town is, indeed, varied, picturesque, and extremely delightful: but the two first of these terms cannot be applied to the bay itself. Most of the hills that enclose it, are at too great a distance for any thing but their outlines to be discernible: and the shape of the Monte Posilipo, which, nearer to the town, confines the sea to the west, is far from being a striking, or even a pleasing object to the eye. And yet an enthusiastic admirer of nature may—seated on one of the white marble slabs* which adorn that part of the Villa Reale that projects from the obelisk into the sea—remain from sun-rise to sun-set, and from sun-set to sun-rise, exulting in the magnificence of the ever-varying scene before him. This variety, this magnificence is, however, solely derived from the clearness of an almost eastern sky, and from the brilliancy of the transparent hues with which it clothes the surrounding objects. The mountains of Sorrento are not

* These seats are placed on rough masses of black lava. Piles of this lava are also formed to support the marble statues which, arising from the midst of similarly enclosed basons, are seen through the *jets d'eau* which spring up around them, and which refresh and ornament this luxurious garden.

particularly beautiful; Vesuvius is an ugly, over-grown mole-hill: take them to a northern climate, and they will not be unlike some views of the Bristol Channel; but see them where they are, and the coasts of Constantinople are alone comparable to them in splendour.

The Island of Caprea is but a barren rock: yet, for three hours after the sun has descended behind the tomb of Virgil, who can look, unmoved, on the soft and glorious tints reflected from this rock?

The appearance of the sea is varied by no daily tide; its waters are agitated by no storms; but observe their clear waves of many hues, gently rippling over one another according to the changes of the pure, light breeze, and you will not regret the absence of storms and ever-flowing tides.

To its climate, to its atmosphere, the glowing magnificence of Neapolitan scenery must, therefore, be attributed: but it is impossible that this immense influence of climate on any scenery should be appreciated or understood by those who, like yourself, are unacquainted with all but our "*patria terra*," and who are contented that their Isle should shut them up

"*penitus toto divisos orbe.*" But a new world, of which they themselves have become the center, has succeeded to that from which their distant regions were so completely divided.* Adieu.

* The Island of Caprea, mentioned above, lies between Posilipo and the extremity of the promontory of Sorrento. Thither it was that Tiberius retired from the inconvenient observation of the people of Rome. When Murat began his reign at Naples, this rock was in possession of the English: and so anxious were they to defend it, that the English commander is reported to have offered one guinea reward to whoever should discover an unguarded path up its cliffs. Murat, however, fitted out an expedition; and, by ladders resting on the unsteady bottoms of their floating boats and reaching to the summit of the rocks, his men ascended, one by one, under the fire of the English troops, and gained possession of the Island.

LETTER XXVI.

Naples, Dec. 6, 1824.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

On the 3d inst. three separate parties of English, after having visited the ruins of Pæstum, left the place, nearly at the same time, to return to Naples. The first carriage, containing Mrs. ——, her two daughters, and servant, was stopped about a quarter of a mile from the tavern of Pæstum: the ladies were robbed of the money and trinkets they had with them, and then permitted to proceed. The second carriage left Pæstum soon after the first, and, a short time after it, the third, in which were three young officers belonging to the English vessel then in the port of Naples. These had

advanced but a short distance when they met the *second* carriage returning at a slow pace. This carriage was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. H.—a lately married, very young couple—and their servant. Arrived at the spot where the *first* party had been pillaged, they had been ordered to stop by four armed men: a great quantity of clothes and a valuable silver chest which they had with them, for what reason is not known, as well as their ready money, was taken from them. The servant was ordered to give up his purse; he offered one piastre—all he had. The men, who, from his being well-drest, took him for a *padrone*—a master, cried out that no English gentleman ever travelled with only one piastre in his pocket: an altercation ensued; Mr. H. interfered; guns were pointed; Mrs. H. frightened, clung to her husband; the brigands threatened to shoot him; he replied, "you dare "not;" a gun was fired by the banditti on each side of the carriage, and both the man and wife were shot through the lungs. The assassins immediately fled; leaving, by the road side, all they had collected. Mr. H. who was the more severely wounded, was carried to the tavern of Pæstum; his wife, whom he thought but slightly

hurt, was taken to a neighbouring house. Both were attended by the English officers and by an English physician, whom an express called from Naples. But, on his arriving, he found Mr. H. already dead, after five hours suffering, during which he frequently exclaimed that it was all his fault. His wife expired after two days; having given a clear account of the whole transaction. It is *her* account, received from one of the officers present, that I now send you. The Neapolitans wish rather to palliate the murder, by saying that, during the altercation, Mr. H. had called to his servant for his pistols. It is, in fact, generally supposed, that it was his manner or language that exasperated them, and impelled them to fire. A German officer simply said to me, "if people *will* travel without taking "escorts, they must expect as much." And this "travelling" is to a distance of sixty miles from the capital of a country they have possessed since three years! The bodies were transported to Naples by sea, and quietly interred in the English burying-place; a guard, the English Minister, and a few others attending.

Mrs. H. seems to have had a strong presentiment of her fate: at a party, a few days before, she

had replied to those who remarked that she was low in spirits, "that she did not like the in-"tended journey, and wished it was over." On the next morning she called at an English shop, asked for her bill—a very trifling one—and paid it, saying, "she did not know what "might happen on her journey."

The assassins seem not to have been robbers by profession, and not to have intended murder; since, having fired, they fled, terrified at the deed they had committed. They were afterwards all taken. I have heard—from some *English*, observe—*that* one of them had been dismissed from the prisons of Sicily to hold some command in Cardinal Ruffo's band; *that* he was, at this time, a *garde champêtre* in the service of the King, to whom he was personally known, and who, as he said on being taken, would, when he should hear of his adventure, "throw his arms round "his neck, call him his dear friend, and dis-"charge him." The following circumstance makes me readily believe the first part of this information; the death of the King hindered the remainder from being refuted. A few days after the arrest of the murderers, Cardinal Ruffo, the general, whom we had not seen for

some time, called at our house: on being told that we were at table, he sent in word that he had something particular to say to one of the party, and that he desired only a moment's conversation. He was led into a cabinet, and immediately began talking on the late catastrophe, saying, as if to excuse it, that Mr. H. had employed *mauvais propos*—uncivil phrases! He heard the opinion of the person he addressed—an opinion such as you may suppose—and, after talking on indifferent subjects, withdrew. Is it not probable that the retired general was interested in the fate of one of his former followers, and come to sound the opinion of the English, to discover if they were likely to be offended, if justice should not be done?

Cardinal Ruffo's history is sufficiently well known and ESTEEMED: his character is not less curious, than the events into which it precipitated him. He now lives quietly in the town he once pillaged, after having devastated the whole kingdom at the head of his bands formed from the Sicilian prisons. Since I came here, I have seen a good deal of him: at his first visit he spoke as follows, alluding to the then recent expedition of Cardinal P. against the Roman

brigands: "*Mais que diable voulez vous rompre "le cou à un pauvre Cardinal gros et gras comme "ça*"—stretching round his arms—"*qui ne s'est "jamais mêlé de ces affaires là, et qui n'a fait de "sa vie que donner des bénédictions? Il va là; "s'il les prend, il les bénit; leur donne à manger, "et une pension.*—But why the devil do you "break the neck of a poor Cardinal, as fat and "plump as this, who never meddled with such "matters, and who, all his life, has done nothing "but give benedictions? He'll go there; if "he takes them, he'll bless them, give them "something to eat, and settle a pension on "them." Cardinal Ruffo* is very fond of talking over his *exploits*, and probably "he himself "thought he should have been better preferred" by being sent against the brigands in lieu of Cardinal P.; and, if the old proverb be true, the measure would have shewn good policy in the Court of Rome.

The crime, with the relation of which I began this letter, was not mentioned in the Neapolitan journal until four months afterwards, when it gave an imperfect account of the trial and execution of three of the perpetrators of the mur-

* Ruffo, though a Cardinal, is not a priest.

der. The silence preserved by this paper had in it nothing extraordinary. In the month of September last, an English baronet, living at Naples, finding his creditors troublesome, cut his throat. Although such an event is, probably, not very common amongst English baronets residing at Naples, yet the "Giornale delle "due Sicilie" never made the least allusion to it. This "Giornale" is the only one published at Naples: all the municipalities are *obliged* to subscribe for it, whether they choose to receive it or not: its columns are, like other manuscripts, revised before publication; and the style in which they are written is truly irreprehensible,—so much so, indeed, that the perusal of the articles which speak of the "Adorato nostro "Sovrano," is alone sufficient to disgust any mind, that respects itself, with the object held up to adoration. Thus, to record so simple a circumstance as that of the fifth son of the Hereditary Prince being named Count of Aquila, it has a long article, of which I transcribe to you the beginning and the end.

"Hymns of gratitude on the lips of mortals, "said a poet of Paganism, are the accents the "most agreeable to the ears of the Gods. And

" certainly nothing can more sweetly sooth " the souls of the Kings of the earth, than the " expression of the gratefulness of their bene- " fited people: the contest of love, which, in " that case, is kindled between the Sovereign " and his subjects, is looked upon with an eye " of complacency by Heaven itself.

" His Majesty the King our Lord, by an " edict," &c.

" In short, the impression produced, by so " happy an event, on those inhabitants, will be " indelible; and this act of honourable distinc- " tion from his Majesty will be ever placed in " the fasts of the kingdom, as one of the infi- " nite proofs of the munificence with which " Ferdinand knows how to reward the first " virtue of subjects, faithfulness towards their " Sovereign."

This passage is too far below the level of the usual eloquence of the paper to be able to give an adequate idea of it: but, as I have not preserved my numbers of the "Giornale," I have been obliged to quote from a stray *débris*. The paper is, in fact, but an exact journal of all the movements of all Sovereigns; besides occasionally inserting " curious occurrences,"

which it recounts in a curious manner. For example: it related that an English surgeon had killed his wife with a *pokero;* and added, in a note, "*non sappiamo se questo pokero sia* "*uno 'strumento domestico o chirurgico*—we do "not know if this *pokero* be a domestic or sur- "gical instrument." Adieu.

LETTER XXVII.

Naples, 16th January, 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

A great event—it is, at least, hoped to be such in its consequences—has taken place since my last. "Has it caused grief or sorrow?" —Judge: I am just returned from witnessing the funeral of—Ferdinand the First.

To begin with the beginning. On the night of the 3d inst. I was at a ball given by the Accademia de' Nobili. This establishment is the same as that known in the rest of Italy by the name of Casino. This, like all other Neapolitan societies, had greatly fallen off since the Constitution; but this winter it was beginning to reflourish, and gave balls every week. That

of the 3d was attended by the Prince of Salerno —the second son of the King—who was in high spirits. At six o'clock on the next morning Ferdinand the First was found dead in his bed. On the evening before he had been perfectly well, and had determined to go a hunting on the next morning: he died of an apoplectic fit.

On the 11th, I went to the palace to see the body lying in state. It was placed on a bed raised on a lofty flight of steps: the crown, sceptre, and other attributes of royalty, were displayed beside it: it was drest in the robes of the knights of S. Gennaro—the first order of the state, until the creation, by the late King, of that of S. Ferdinando, which, it is now expected, will rank after the former. Two statues, representing Religion and Justice, stood one on each side of the bed: at the foot of the steps priests were reciting prayers for the repose of the deceased. The size of the room, hung with black, gave an imposing appearance to the whole. The body was embalmed,—that is to say, the flesh was every were taken off from the bones, which were then covered with stuffing, over which the skin was again drawn. The eyes and tongue were cut out of the head; the rest of

the flesh of the *face* was left; but, as the features did not well withstand the operation, a waxen mask, moulded into an exact likeness, was placed over them!

This morning, from a balcony in the Strada di Toledo, I saw the funeral procession pass to the church of Sta Chiara. So long a time had elapsed since the death of a King at Naples, that those charged to direct the ceremony were much embarrassed to determine whether they ought to follow the Spanish etiquette, or to invent a new form for Naples. As it was, the procession resembled, as near as may be, that of the festival of Piedigrotta, though it was not quite so showy: a great number of troops attended, but *no priests*,—except two in the car with the body—the directors having entirely forgotten to invite the religious communities. I said that the procession was less showy than that of Piedigrotta: this difference was chiefly owing to the following circumstance: the coachmen, who drove the car in which was the body, and the other carriages, wore, according to custom, long flowing wigs; but these wigs, instead of being powdered as usual, were raven black: a courtier was heard to take great credit

to himself for having imagined this new indication of mourning.

So much for Ferdinand the First, who governed one of the finest parts of Europe during a reign of 65 years. What advances in knowledge and civilization have not other countries made during that period, in which he seems to have kept *his* kingdom *stationary*, to say the least? His character and dispositions are sufficiently well known; nevertheless you may find a few *traits* and anecdotes not uninteresting. He ascended the throne as Ferdinand the Fourth; after having deprived Sicily of the rights it possessed independent of Naples, and having united them both under the same form of government—by which he has excited great discontent in the Sicilians, and increased their violent animosity against Naples—he took the denomination of Ferdinand the *First;* thus annulling the reigns of his three predecessors of that name.

In his youth, one of his amusements was the making his guards, who surrounded him at his "*favorita*" palace of Resina, toss in a blanket whomsoever of those present he thought to be particular or queer in their appearance. Thus

the Principe di ——, one of the first people of Naples, but who was very short and fat, and another person, an *envoyé* of one of the lesser powers, were tossed for the Sovereign's diversion.

He used to hold cabinet councils twice a week, for an hour each time; but orders were given that whoever might demand him on subjects regarding the chase, should be immediately shown into the council chamber.

The beginning of the disturbance in 1820 was, I have been assured, as follows. For some time suspicious persons, or persons whose intentions were suspected, had been in the habit of assembling together in the provinces: the government refused to take any notice of them. At length three or four hundred united: a regiment being sent out against them, they were easily routed. But the King began to be frightened, and gave orders that no more should be done against them, for that he, of his own free will, would give them the Constitution they demanded. On seeing the government balance in this manner, a few regiments joined the insurgents. General P., who was playing at cards at Duke ——'s, and who intended to take no part in the matter, was informed by a friend

that an order had been given for his arrest: his only safety was therefore in joining the insurrectionary bands, which, on account of his military rank, named him their leader. The King published the Constitution; and the people flocked together, blessing him for so unexpected a favour. *Then*, but not till *then*, many joined the insignificant army of the Constitutionalists. Before the Constitution had been granted, the officers of one regiment in particular, coming to their colonel, informed him that they, with the regiment, had resolved to join the insurgents: *he* endeavoured to dissuade them from doing so, and refused to accompany them, but to no purpose; *they* went over to the Constitutionalists, *he* came to Naples to relate what had happened: at the return of the King from Laybach, he was deprived of his command and commission.

After the King had given the Constitution, he appointed new ministers and ambassadors: two of those named declined accepting the embassy for which they were chosen. The King embraced them, prayed them as a friend, and at length persuaded them to depart on the mission offered them. At the arrival of the Austrians, they were both in London; their places were

taken from them, and they were refused pass-ports to quit England: one of them—whose father is well favoured at the Court of Naples—demanded to be exiled in France, as he has not sufficient fortune to live in England: he is unable to obtain his request. This seems to be at present the gentle manner of exiling discontented or dangerous subjects. I am acquainted with Neapolitans who wish to travel, but who are afraid of leaving their country, lest passports to return should be refused to them.

During the reign of the Constitution, thirty-two officers, garrisoned in an island near the coast, obeyed some orders given them by their chiefs: at the re-establishment of the old government, they were tried and condemned to the gallies for life;—not to work, being gentlemen, but to be chained two and two with common malefactors: they are thus brought into a small court during one hour daily,—the only time they enjoy fresh air and light: their families are living at Naples; whatever they send them to alleviate their distress, is appropriated by the jailer. The superior officers, who ordered the deed for which they suffer, have not yet been molested.

In the time the Constitution was in force, a great deal was written in the Neapolitan dialect: *entre autres* seven satires are spoken of as being excellent. These writings, in which the people shewed a fund of ability they were scarcely supposed to possess, are now, of course, not to be met with.

At the arrival of the Austrians, a decree was published, branding certain words, and forbidding them evermore to be pronounced: thus for *citizen* was to be said *subject;* for *nation, kingdom; sale,** which is put on the sign of every Neapolitan shop, was to be replaced by *spaccio*—a word of the same meaning. Soon after I came here, I saw advertised, on the play-bill of S. Carlo, the opera "*Rambaldo* ed Isolina:" what was my surprise on discovering that *Rambaldo* was the same personage I had so much admired as *Tebaldo!*† but St. Theobald being the patron chosen by the Carbonari, it was thought proper to disguise, in this manner, his name.

About a year since, twenty-five young men

* *Vendita* in Italian: the assemblies of the Carbonari were, I know not why, thus named.

† The character in which Velluti usually appears.

made known to the late King that they knew no trade, but wished to be employed in his service, that they might been abled to gain their livelihood: he questioned them, and appointed them a *rendezvous*, saying that measures should be taken concerning them. They repaired next day to the appointed place, where they were seized, drest as soldiers, and shipped off to form part of the garrison of Gaeta!—Although I heard *this* anecdote from one who greatly admired this conduct of the King, yet I ought to mention to you that I hold the other particulars chiefly from *disaffected* persons, "children of Belial,"* but who, nevertheless, knew that I was able to question the truth of what they said, being often personally acquainted with those of whom they spoke.

These "children" always converse on the subjects of their discontent, and declare themselves delighted to be able to say to me, as a foreigner, what they are afraid to utter to a

* "But the children of Belial said, Shall this fellow "be able to save us! and they despised him, and brought "him no present: but he dissembled as though he heard "not." 1 Kings, x. 27.—Saul was already well skilled in the art of reigning.

countryman of their own : for, in a countryman there is danger* of meeting with a spy of the government; for these spies are every where around them; every person is answerable for what is said in his house; even beggars who, seeing people talking together in the street, come up, under pretence of asking for charity, are spies paid by the government to overhear all that is said. The distrust thus occasioned, has destroyed all society amongst the Neapolitans : each one remains in his own *coterie*, into which he takes care to admit those only in whom he can confide. Do not, however, suppose from this that I keep company with none but Carbonari; on the contrary, I only mention facts relating to the late King : and, as no one ever spoke in praise of him, I imagined that the royalists—if that there were any—thought better not to call to mind their patron. This spy system is *au reste* pretty general: I was told, by a minister residing at an Italian Court, that he had received orders—for what reason he himself knew not—to deny to an Englishman a

* Although speaking in the *present* tense, the allusion here is to the time of the late king: whether his present Majesty intends to adopt a different course or not is as yet unknown.

passport to enter the neighbouring Italian state, because—as my informer afterwards discovered—he, the Englishman, had held *imprudent* conversation in a Coffee-house at Paris: and this conversation, reported to the Parisian police, had followed him who held it, to the bottom of Italy!

But let us return to Naples. All the religious communities had lost their lands during the revolutions which have here so quickly succeeded each other; and a pension, of 10 ducats a month, had been given to each individual as a compensation for his share in the general loss. A short time before the late King's death, great discontent was created by a decree diminishing, by one tenth, all pensions paid by the government. This, to many, was doubtless an important retrenchment; but the great motive of complaint arises from the duty on land. This tax is imposed according to the supposition that the corn produced sells at 25 *carlini* a *tumolo;* but the price is now fallen to half that valuation, and yet the duty remains the same! Some bury their corn, to keep it till better times; and many abandon, without cultivation, the land that is unable to pay its expenses. The kingdom of Naples is mainly a corn country, which makes

the discontent more general. Immense plains in Calabria are uninhabited and uncultivated, while a numerous population is starving on the barren hills around. Commerce languishes: every branch of industry is—as I have before said—monopolized in the King's hands: *he* has a great manufacture of silks at S. Leuceo, and, consequently, forbids the rival manufacture of that article to his subjects. Playing cards even are a forbidden branch of trade, because they are made,—though barbarously ill,—and kept at a high price, by the royal manufacturer: also snuff, salt,—in fine, almost every shop in the town is, on its sign, announced to be a "*regio* "royal—*spaccio*" Yet I have heard it asserted, that whatever the late King did himself was well done; but he left all to his ministers, while he himself used to stand, from five in the morning till six at night, shooting at "black pigs,"—as I have heard an unwilling partaker and witness of the sport term the wild boars that were driven past him. And *apropos* of shooting: Ferdinand had a cabinet-painter in his service; this artist's paintings are not much admired, but—he is a capital shot.

It is astonishing that, with his known cha-

racter, the late King should have been so very tenacious of etiquette, as appeared on many occasions. Thus, his great friend, finding him one day in a good easy humour, asked for a little place, in the administration, for his brother: the King immediately drew up, saying that such demands must come to him through his ministers. Playing once at cards, he exclaimed, on making a fault, "*Sono una bestia*—I am an ass." Duke ——, who was playing with him, made a mistake soon after, and said, "*Anch'io sono più* "*bestia della S. M.*—and I am a greater ass "than your Majesty:" the King never played with him again. At a ball at Court, a lady having no seat, a gentleman brought her a chair: the King accosted him, saying, "*Tu fai gli* "*onori?*—Are you doing the honours?" At a masked ball, he and some of his party had their hats on: Prince —— came into the room, and seeing Duke —— with *his* hat on, put on his own; the King, in the most violent rage, immediately flew at him, caught hold of his whiskers, —which were unfortunately very large,—shook him most outrageously, demanding how he dared, without leave, put his hat on in his presence?

I began this letter by telling you of the death of the King: I have permitted myself to be carried away by the subject; I shall therefore mention him no more, but conclude by hoping, with all the Neapolitans, that Francis the First will repair the evils arising from the long reign of his father. Adieu.

LETTER XXVIII.

Naples, 30th Feb. 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE Grotta del Cane, the Lago d'Agnano, and the Astroni, lie near to each other, between the Grotto of Posilipo and Pozzuoli, and at about two miles distance from the sea. The road leading to this well-known cluster passes through a nick—if it may be so called—cut, to lessen the ascent, in the top of a hill. This ridge of hills formerly surrounded the crater of a volcano, as it now does a small valley, the bottom of which is filled by the Lago d'Agnano. This lake and crater are now set apart as a royal chase, and are covered with game and wild fowl. During the summer the

lake serves to steep the flax grown in the neighbourhood. The hills that surround it have at present a lonely and barren appearance: they are not woody, and the few trees they bear are now stript of their leaves.

In a cabin by the side of the lake lives the guardian of the Grotta del Cane: she—for it is to a lady that the care of shewing it is entrusted—led me to the foot of a neighbouring hill, of which the bare sides, covered with a short white grass, descended to the edge of the water. She stopped before a wooden door, incased in the side of the hillock, and overhung by a few briars, turned round to me, who was following, and said, "Now, Sir, you know that the fixed price "for seeing the grotto is two *carlini* a head." I objected to her that we were four, and that she ought, on that account, to abate something from her ordinary price, which, I owned, it would be perfectly fair to exact from one person only. My reasoning, and still more the tone in which I spoke—for a tone of equality and good nature always succeeds in such cases—convinced her. "Be it so," she replied, with conscious moderation expressed in her countenance, "be "it so; and, since there *are* four of you, I will

"let you all in for half a piastre, six *carlini*: "are you contented to pay *that?*" What was to be done? I considered that I had obtained a diminution of one quarter, and, accepting her generous abatement, promised the half piastre. But still the door of the grotto remained closed. "Will you," resumed the artful guardian, "try "the experiment of the dogs or of the torches? "The price you have agreed to pay allows you to "choose either of the two." I turned to the four fine dogs; they did not seem to fear the experiment; but pity insinuated itself into the breasts of the ladies, who were in the number of those for whom I had bargained, and whose hands the animals were licking: this pity directed them to choose torches. All this dialogue had, as I have before observed, been carried on before the as yet unopened door; but this last point settled, it flew back—not, as I was almost disposed to expect, at the sound of "*Open, Se-*"*same,*" or some other irresistible words—but by means of an immense bright key, loosened from the belt of the lusty guardian, and then buried in the thick wood of the door. "What!" I exclaimed, as the door flew back on its hinges, "is *that* too a grotto? Worse and worse. *This*

" hole, if *I measured it from side to side,* would " not be found to be more than *ten feet long and* " *two feet wide.*" I contrived, nevertheless, to enter, following my guide. She directed me to lower my hand to the ground, that I might feel the warm invisible vapour that rose a few inches above it. Not contented with this, I tried myself to perform the functions of the justly-pitied dogs, whose office is, I can assure you, no sinecure; for putting myself on my knees, and approaching my nose to the ground, I felt the effects of the strong mephitical smell of sulphur and wine. " It is Champagne," said the guide. ' Are you ' sure of that? But during the few moments ' I was able to hold down my head, it took away ' my breath,' and seemed to threaten my senses.* So saying, I went out of the grotto. She entered it as far as possible, and attracted the admiration of all the company: she was dressed very sprucely in a scarlet spencer, richly ornamented with gold lace; in a dark green petticoat, garnished in the same manner; with light yellow shoes on her feet, and a red handkerchief on her head.* This dress, lighted by two enormous

* This is the Sunday dress of the peasants of the islands in the bay; who, on account of their dress, cleanliness, and

torches, which she held in her outstretched hands, lowering them slowly and solemnly to the ground, to shew us in what manner they were gradually extinguished by the rising vapour, gave her the appearance of a sibyl, or some other inspired inhabitant of the Phlegræan fields, absorbed in the performance of an enchantment or magical process.

On quitting the grotto, I sat down to draw it: the guardian followed me. "Do you want "to carry our grotto into your country?" she demanded; "they have taken me there also, "for they have drawn my portrait." 'And well 'you deserve it,' I replied. I then paid her the promised six *carlini*, and Mr. —— told her, "that when she should come to Naples, he "would shew her his *luago comodo* for a compa- "ratively much less sum." She smiled; not in the least endeavouring to conceal her opinion of her own cunning and our *generous* curiosity.

Passing, the day after, before the grotto, I saw some English make the experiment of the dogs; but that whose turn it was, for "every "dog has his day," broke his collar, and fled.

skill in such matters, are often employed by the higher classes of Neapolitans as nurses for their children.

When brought back, he was held over the vapour for a few minutes; he was then placed on the grass, where he lay for a short time as if dead, then got up, and run off. This behaviour was very different from that I had witnessed in the dogs the day before.

After following the brink of the lake, the road mounts the opposite side of the encircling hill. At the summit is an ancient *maison de chasse* of the King, through which I passed. From hence I descended into the crater of the extinguished volcano l'Astroni. All craters must be nearly alike; yet the aspect of this is very different from that of the Lago d'Agnano. The small lake in the middle does not occupy the whole of this valley, which is surrounded by rocks almost perpendicular, but which are, nevertheless, covered with pines, oaks, and evergreens. These rocks are so steep, that they throw, at all hours, a shade over part of the area they enclose; and in the center of this a small hill, covered with fine old rugged oak trees, rises by the side of the clear lake it overshadows. The scenery is now particularly beautiful, owing to the season which begins to call forth leaves on the younger shrubs; which,

shooting out from the roots of the larger trees, make a rich and variegated foreground to the landscape behind. A road, bordered with poplars, runs round at the foot of the hills. A wall passing along the tops of the rocks hinders the game from escaping; and, concealed in the midst of the trees, is a neat-looking house, at which the late King and his suite used to rest after the chase. Johnson's description of the happy valley that served as a retreat and prison to the Princes of Abyssinia may, in fine, give an exact idea of this extinguished volcano, than which I know no place more retired, more quiet, or more romantic.

While walking here, many deer and boar crossed my path: these latter were very small, and scarcely distinguishable from "black pigs." From amongst the underwood, at some steps from me, I heard the grunting and blowing of the young, sucking the dugs of their mothers. I found, suspended to the branch of a tree, the skin and bones of a doe: a wood-cutter told me that it had been killed by a wolf, which, ten days before, had climbed over the encircling wall; that it had been chased day and night, but could not as yet be met with.

This wood-cutter pointed out a road bordered with trees, and descending from the mountain to the plain: "a certain number of boars and "and other animals are," he said, "driven in at "the higher end of this road, which is then hung "on each side with cloth, to prevent them from "turning out of it. The late King used to stand, "at the side of the road, in the highest place; the "gentlemen of his suite were placed, at intervals, "down the path, and each fired at what the "King and those before him had missed. But "ou *Re avea* ou *miglior posto naturalmente; era* "ou *padrone*—the King had naturally the best "place, he was the master." *Voilà tout ce que les hommes ont pu inventer pour se rendre heureux.*

I quitted the Astroni with regret; and shall always return there, and think on it with renewed pleasure. Adieu.

LETTER XXIX.

7th March, 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

On the 5th I witnessed what was called the public *entry* of Francis the First into his capital. Do not, however, suppose that he had not inhabited it since his father's death; but the first mourning being now ended, he thought fit to shew himself to his subjects in a grand procession from the palace to the cathedral—the which procession to be called his entry into the town. At the cathedral the *Te Deum* was sung: he then returned to his palace. As all processions at Naples are more or less like that of Piedigrotta, the only remark that can be made is as to the degree of joy or *tristesse* displayed by the people.

On the present occasion the latter seem to prevail: the crowd assembled was not very great, and did not send forth a word of acclamation or festive greeting: sheets of different coloured wafer-paper, thrown from some windows on the royal carriage; and a few pigeons, with pink ribbands tied round their legs, let fly from a balcony, were the only marks of approbation shewn by the subjects to their new Sovereign. The fact is, that, at the accession of the present King to the throne, the expectations of all were raised to the highest pitch: they now complain that, "though he is always working, the result "of his labours never appears:" they do not, in short, know what to think of him. While others attribute his slowness in recalling those exiled for their political deeds or opinions—the recal of whom, and the pardon of all such offences, was expected to be the first act of his government—to the presence of his Austrian allies. On the occasion of this entry, the town was illuminated, and the mourning for the late King was doffed for three days.

Last night was a grand fête at S. Carlo; but, *apropos* of S. Carlo, I have not yet spoken to you of this far-famed theatre. The architecture

of the façade is fine. As to the interior, a Neapolitan guide-book says, "that in 1816 this "monument of the greatness of King Charles "III. was burnt down; but that in less than "one year Melpomene re-appeared on the stage, "perhaps with more lustre than before. In "fact, this theatre is stupendous, and it is said "that it perhaps has not its equal in Europe. "On the ceiling is a *telone*—large canvass—on "which is painted Jove sending a ray of light "on the King." This description is, so far, exact. Six rows of boxes—in all about 300—rise one above another: these boxes are deep; but those who occupy the three front places can alone conveniently see the stage. Each box is separated from the other, and enclosed, except in front. The contents of each are impervious to all eyes, except those on the opposite side of the hall. The rent of a box, on the second or third row, is generally from £80 to £100 a year: the entrance into the pit is five *carlini* a seat; but, as in the rest of Italy, no lady ever goes into it. Almost all the boxes are let out by the year, and all Naples goes to the theatre, whenever it is open; for no party is ever given on a S. Carlo night. The lady who has a *palco*

—box—remains in it during the whole of the evening, and receives the visits of her male acquaintances, who find it very convenient to be able to pay fifteen or twenty visits in one evening, without going into the open air, and to be able to see the acting *gratis*,—for none pay but those who go into the pit, or subscribe to boxes. The visiters and the visited talk and laugh as loud as they would do in their own saloons, during the whole of the performance, excepting when the *grand' aria* is sung by the grand actor, or, still more so, when the ballet or pantomime is dancing, for, at that time, the greatest silence prevails! But no card-playing, nor any thing of the sort, is, as is generally reported, carried on in the boxes. No actor can be applauded or hissed, before the King, in person, has given the example: when he is *not* present, the audience is permitted to express its sentiments; but, as the late King was a constant spectator, it was curious to see the *parterre* encourage, by signs and looks, the actress they could not openly applaud. In Italy priests go to the theatres; for, as actors are *not* excommunicated, each one is free to judge for himself as to the propriety of frequenting them: they,

however, always retire before the ballet commences. I send you all these particulars, supposing that, as you have never been out of England, you can no more imagine an Italian theatre than I can an English one. I now return to the fête of the 6th of March.

The theatre was illuminated; that is to say, five *boujies* were lighted before each box. The King and royal family entered the state box, in front of the stage, amidst loud applause. The greater part of the spectators were in uniforms or court dresses—the ladies brilliant with diamonds; the sight was, in fact, magnificent. A *cantata*, addressed to the King, was sung. I must now have recourse to *àpropos de bottes*, and turn to the Pope. The late King of Naples made, through his minisser, Medici, a *concordat* with his Holiness, according to which he, the King, pays the Pope an annual sum, professing to hold his kingdom of the Court of Rome. Before this new treaty, one *cavallo* was the yearly tribute. The Sovereigns of Naples are never crowned, as, in that case, they would be obliged to acknowledge themselves vassals of the Pope. That the present King might avoid this humiliation, and, at the same time, have

the sanction of a public coronation, the following farce was got up at the theatre of S. Carlo, to which I again return. At the end of the afore-mentioned *cantata*, a scene was drawn up, and showed the exact likenesses of Francis the First—sitting on a throne, with a crown on his head, and a sceptre in his hand,—of the Queen seated beside him, of the Prince of Salerno, and of all the other members of the royal family: all these portraits were painted at full length on pasteboard figures, cut out into the natural size, and around which actors and actresses—who personated the towns and provinces of the kingdom—devoutly knelt, and presented their faith and obedience to their new monarch; then descended, "*du haut des cieux*," two pasteboard angels, who—with the attitudes of Moses and Elias in the transfiguration of Raphael—conjointly held a wreath of laurels over the head of the painted King, thus proving the elevation of him it represented to be most agreeable to Heaven. The Queen—not she of pasteboard, but the other—held, in the mean time, her opera-glass to her eye, and looked, with great attention, at her duplicate; the King —in the *box*—seemed embarrassed at beholding

him on the *stage*: the scene was, however, received with universal applause.

In the private box of the King, the Duke and Duchess of Lucca had entered in the beginning of the evening: the rule is that none but the actual Sovereign of Naples shall make use of that *palco*. After, therefore, various messages to and fro—which greatly amused those in the opposite boxes—their Majesties of Lucca passed into the next box belonging to the royal *family*. Three chamberlains then entered that they had quitted, and quietly seated themselves, for some time, on the seats from which they had just removed the Princes of Lucca.

The representations at Naples generally end between twelve and one o'clock. Adieu.

LETTER XXX.

Naples, March 29, 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I am almost at a loss to account for my having so long delayed visiting the Phlegræan fields. But, after traversing Italy—after seeing Rome in particular—we have been so greatly disappointed with every thing we have met with; and yet these objects, though unequal to our exalted expectations, are, nevertheless, so far superior to any of the sort possessed by other countries, that, on reaching Naples, our powers of admiration—diminished by being partially satisfied, and almost blasted by being so frequently frustrated—and our satiated and worn out curiosity combine, and no longer excite us

to visit that which, some months before, was uppermost in our imagination. Thus I had passed ten months at Naples, without making the tour I yesterday found so interesting.

I, together with a party of English and Germans, set off in the morning and arrived at Pozzuoli by the ordinary road: we there left our carriage, and ordered it to be, towards evening, at the Lago di Fusaro. That done, we engaged a *cicerone*, and went to the port: surrounded by ten or fifteen watermen, we chose a boat. The men then formed themselves into a circle and drew lots* to settle who should conduct us as master boatman: this affair decided, we went aboard, fixed up a sail, and directed our course across the bay. We past beside the ancient light-house of the ancient port of Pozzuoli; it is now reduced to a heap of bricks, and rises scarcely above the water. How the least thing attracts the observation in this country of recollections! two sea-fowl were perched on the top of this ruined remnant of the light-house; the boat was passing above temples, palaces, and roads swallowed up by the waves,

* They counted a certain number, and him on whom the final number fell, he was chosen by fortune.

and one of the boatmen was proposing to me to throw, into this same sea, a piece of money, that I might see him fetch it up again with his teeth!

I landed at the entrance of the Mareciello—Lucrinus—on the same spot to which Agrippina escaped, when chance defeated, for the present, the parricidal schemes devised against her. Here I dismissed our boat; for, since the formation of Monte Nuovo, Lucrinus and Avernus no longer communicate with the sea. Following, through a deserted-looking country, a narrow path that winds at the foot of Monte Nuovo—which is only curious and remarkable from the manner of its first appearance above the level of the earth—I soon perceived the Lago di Averno. Like other lakes in the neighbourhood, it is formed in the place of an extinguished volcano, and is, therefore, perfectly similar to the Lago di Agnano, except that the chain of hills that surround it is steeper and more woody, although they no longer bear the forests that caused the superstition attached to the place. The remains of some *thermæ*—said to be those of a temple of Apollo—are placed, in a picturesque situation, on the brink of this ancient port,

which, from its triste and lonely aspect, seems to remember and regret the still more ancient religious veneration which it has ceased to inspire.

I walked along its banks, here covered with shrubs and long grass, from amongst which our *ciceroni* culled wild flowers, which they offered to the ladies of the party, as far as the entrance of the so-called Grotta della Sibilla! which is exactly like that of Posilipo, having, in fact, been pierced to facilitate the passage between Baiæ and Avernus. About the middle of this grotto, I mounted on the shoulders of a *cicerone*, and, traversing some corridors cut in the rock, and covered knee-deep with water, I entered three small rooms, equally damp, but the walls of which were pannelled with mosaic; while, in one of them, I saw some well-preserved baths. I got out of this labyrinth by the help of my lusty, male Ariadne, who knew its involutions, and, following the guidance of a new Cupid—that is, of a Neapolitan boy, without shoes or stockings, with a red cap on his head, and a large torch blazing over his right shoulder—I regained the Lucrinus by the same path; for the Grotta della Sibilla had been lately blocked up on the Baiæ side.

Near the Lucrin, in an angle of the Bay of Pozzuoli, there arise, on the summit of a rock which hangs over the sea, large masses of brick walls, amongst which passages, covered chambers, and all the appurtenances of a thermal establishment, are still distinguishable. These ruins are called "*Stufe di Nerone*—stoves of "Nero." I soon discovered the cause of this denomination. A door, through the chinks of which there issued a warm steam, was opened. Our *cicerone* undressed himself completely—saving his pantaloons—caught up a bucket in one hand, and a *flambleau* in the other, and fled away through a narrow passage. I endeavoured to follow him, but the hot vapour obliged me to give up the pursuit. He, however, reappeared; his pail was half full of hot water, into which he put an egg which was soon sufficiently cooked, so great was the warmth of this water, which rises in a hole at the end of the passage.

I left the Stufe di Nerone, musing on the flexible usefulness of these *ciceroni*. They far surpass the cleverness of the Welsh parson, as their talents are more versatile and of a higher order. Besides carrying all that concerns their trade, such as torch, tongue, &c. they willingly

take your cloak, your sketch-book, your sword —if you have any—they carry you on their shoulders, they boil eggs for you, and they, at the same time, give you samples of an eloquence more or less Ciceronian. In short, though they are sometimes troublesome, it would be impossible for foreigners to visit the different sites of this country without their aid.

The difficulty of the paths soon awoke me from these reflections: I was walking on points of rocks, against the perpendicular sides of which were reared the walls, whose crumbling foundations are now buried under the encroaching sea; but which antiquarians—*ciceroni* amongst the rest—have agreed to name, or name without having agreed upon it, Ruins of the villas of Cæsar, Nero, and others whom their power, their riches, or their virtues, have caused to survive the general destruction.

I met a parcel of children who showed me some cameos and intaglios found, they said, by themselves, while working in the neighbouring fields. But one of them—for, apparently, they did not make common cause—asserted, that every thing offered me by his companions was made at Naples; and that the only genuine

antique was that which he himself proposed to my Excellency. Though convinced that he spoke the exact truth as far as regarded his comrades, I was not so well persuaded of his own personal merit. Nevertheless, as what he shewed me was well done,—whether it was a precious stone, an antique found at Baiæ, or a composed paste, moulded at Naples on the antique,—I gave him for it one sixth of what he demanded; and sent away the others, though they assured me that all the "*Signori Forestieri*" bought something of them.

We were soon on the deserted but enchanting shore of Baiæ. An English man-of-war was moored at a short distance from the shore;* and it might have been supposed that all the living beings had retired on board this vessel, so solitary is the coast. Since they have been at this anchorage, all the officers, even the cabin-boys, have set up as declared and intrepid antiquarians. Every day some portion of them, uniting together, descends into the long-boat, and goes ashore, followed by sailors, well pro-

* When rough weather is expected, the larger vessels which are unable to enter the port of Naples, retire to the more sheltered anchorage of Baiæ.

vided with spades and pickaxes. Judge of the devastation that follows! These gentlemen sometimes even send out parties to discover, before hand, on what point their next day's labour had best be directed, and where they are likely to prove most successful. The place of attack once determined, the engineers and antiquarians *en chef* set off, and bury themselves in the clouds of dust created by the crumbling bricks and mortar which every where give way to their irresistible efforts: and this canopy of clouds recalls to them those of a different nature, which had overshadowed them during their late war with the Dey of Algiers. It once, however, happened, that the sailors sent to mark the ground for the next morning's amusement returned sooner than usual, and panting for breath, to the officers who had dispatched them: "Plase "your Honour," cried one of them, "we've "found a beautiful curosity, but we must go a "great many of us, and carry ropes to haul it "down, for it's, may be, half as high as the "mizen mast." Off they set immediately, and furnished with ropes, as advised. They reach the spot already visited by their conductors, who point out to them with rapture—the arms of the

kingdom of Naples, sculptured in white marble, and placed over a monument raised to record some deed of a Sicilian Majesty! Already the ropes were passed round the coat of arms; already the honest sailors were preparing their muscular limbs, when their attention was all at once caught and riveted on their officers. "Were "their eyes open? yes, and their mouths too." The sailors were alarmed at their appearance; but soon the astonished chiefs, having "first "inclined to think they were mistaken, and then "to be ashamed of such mistaking," began to awaken within themselves, and, by this happy *réveil*, prevented the wars and calamities which might otherwise have followed this rash aggression of the English officers on the armorial bearings of the King of the Two Sicilies.

On the coast of Baiæ I examined the remains of temples reddened by the rays of the sun, which alone of all then around me was unchanged by the years that have past over this shore since it was reputed—what it still is—the most beautiful of the earth. A description of these ruins could interest an antiquarian only; but antiquarians are already well acquainted with them, though they are unable to decide

whether the Temples of Diana, of Mercury, and of Venus, are not rather remains of thermal establishments. These are the three main structures that now point out the site of Baiæ; and all three will soon sink and disappear like the rest of the city. Of that of Diana, half a dome only threatens to fall; and is, therefore, all that yet stands. The Temple of Mercury is an elliptical hall; a part of the arched vault of which is fallen in, but which still preserves a most extraordinary echo. Half of the walls of this building are buried under the earth and rubbish that had arisen around them. Why are no excavations carried on here? in a spot that thus points itself out for such researches? Why? why?—*basta*, as we say here, prudence. The other edifice is like the Tempio delle Tosse at Tivoli, but is finer and larger. In a small garden, enclosed by ancient walls, are some ruins, known by the name of Camere di Venere.

We then followed a narrow path that, leaving the sea on the left, ascends the mountain on the west of Baiæ, and passes behind the deserted fort that crowns it. Some long, irregular passages, called Cento Camerelle, or Tempio d'Ercole, are seen in the village of Bacoli, which we now

entered. Besides the pleasure which the sight of these ruins and of the country, which is itself the principal ruin, necessarily causes to travellers, their self-love is also flattered at every step they take. This flattery is not, however, quite universal, or given without discernment, by the female inhabitants of the Phlegræan fields. Thus all the women we had met on the road selected from amongst our party Miss ——, who in particular struck them,—and not without reason you, who know her, will say,—and, on seeing her pass, they all exclaimed, "*Quanto* "*siete bella, Signorina*—how beautiful you are, "Miss!" Little used to have it told her so flatly, it was not until she had heard the compliment often repeated that she was able to accustom herself to it. When, however, we entered Bacoli, the reception was no longer new to us; and we were able to receive, with tolerable *sang froid*, the praises of the female and infantine population of the village; and we even felt almost as a slight, as a want of due respect, the silence of the men; so soon do we use ourselves to that which at first appears to us as most extraordinary! But as it has been observed that individuals on their re-union into society always

lose their primitive, pure, and patriarchal manners, we soon perceived that the compliments of the Bacolians had not the same merit of disinterestedness as those of the scattered inhabitants of the country. For although they still bestowed on us the then worn-out phrase of "how beauti-"ful you are, Miss or Sir," yet they always added, "give us something for charity." At Paris, some years before, I had been much delighted by being called, by a beggar, "*mon* "*petit prince*;" but not even *French* flattery had reached that degree of refined perfection which I now witnessed at Bacoli.

In descending the hill, on the opposite side of the village, I visited the Piscina Mirabile, formerly a reservoir of water for the supply of the Roman fleet in the neighbouring port of Misenum: it is perfectly well preserved. I soon reached the Maremorto,—anciently the port of Misenum,—and crossed the bridge thrown over the narrow stream by which it is now joined to the sea. The shores of the Maremorto are low and marshy: this plain, and the hills that surround it, formed part of Virgil's Elysian fields; and if any spot on *earth* is to be known as *heaven*, this spot is well chosen.

At the foot of the promontory of Misenum are the remains of a theatre, now called the "*forno*—oven," from the use to which they are put.

It was by a steep and stony path, sometimes worn deep into the earth by the rain that rushes down it, and sometimes following the edge of a rock that hangs at a great height over the sea, that we reached the summit of the Promontorio di Miseno. Some antiquarians have placed on this narrow rock, which I found of such difficult access, the ancient town of Misenum. One would have supposed that *ciceroni* alone could imagine this almost perpendicular headland to have been its situation. The Canon di Jorio—whose opinions I generally adopt with regard to this country—fixes its site towards the promontory now called Monte di Procida, in which the coast of Cuma terminates. The reasons which determine the Canon to this supposition appear to me incontestible: besides, as the town could not have stood on the present Promontorio di Miseno, it must necessarily have been placed towards the Monte di Procida; and the number of tombs which border the Mercato di Sabato, and, still more so, that of a Bishop of *Misenum* found at

Torre di Cappella,—both which places are near the Monte di Procida,—must have belonged to the town of Misenum, and have been in its immediate neighbourhood.

It is on this Promontorio di Miseno that Corinne makes her grand *improvisation*. The place was doubtless chosen by Madame de Staël, that her heroine might have the opportunity of alluding to the objects stretched in every direction below her: and the great distance of the spot from Naples had not—in the novel—the same material inconvenience as would probably have deterred *real* auditors from attendance. From this elevation the view is of an extent and a variety equally astonishing. The eye wanders in perplexed disorder from the town of Naples, and Vesuvius behind it, to the islands, seas, mountains, and lakes, created, or thrown into their present state, by the now extinguished volcanos, and by the successive revolutions which have crumbled the towns, ports, and edifices into the falling walls that are now scarcely distinguishable amongst the different objects which the whitening rays of the sun confound into one grand wreck of nature and art.

On this promontory we broke in upon the

bread which our *cicerone* had procured at Baiæ, fearing lest we should find none at the Fusaro. At the foot of this mountain we obtained some *vin du pays*, or, as the Neapolitans call it, "*vino nosdrale.*" Yet, notwithstanding these refreshments, it was not without a feeling of impatient fatigue that we continued our road, passing first between the sea and the Maremorto; then traversing the Mercato di Sabato and the Torre di Cappella, we turned through a vineyard on the left, and arrived, at three o'clock, on the banks of the Lago Fusaro—Palus Acherusia. The morning had been excessively warm, and on no part of the road had we been sheltered from the sun.

The oysters of the Fusaro enjoy a celebrity which it would be impossible for me to increase or diminish: I shall restrain myself to giving you a plain description of the form of our meal, and shall leave to future *gourmands* the care of criticising its principal feature.

A sort of what in England would be called an alehouse has been established by the side of the lake. While the cloth was preparing in one of the rooms of this tavern, a flat-bottomed boat carried me to the Casino Reale,—royal pavilion,

—raised in the lake, in the center of that which has the same power of attraction in the case of the monarch as in that of the subject; yet the sovereign has, over other amateurs, the advantage of being able to assure himself of an appetite in the narrow strip of land which separates the lake from the sea, and which is set apart as a royal chase. Having, however, landed at the casino, I was surrounded by baskets containing oysters of all sorts, that is to say, of all sizes, and, consequently, of all prices. Thinking that I should secure the best by taking what were dearest, I sent over to the eating-house on the main land about forty of the largest I could find —for which I paid at the rate of two *carlini* a dozen,—and a large fish, which was not forgotten in the bill any more than Gil Blas' trout, although, we being "*Signori Inglesi*," it was not deemed a "*morçeau trop friand pour nous.*" The next care was, for we had scarcely eaten any thing since seven hours, to demand what the French call a "*plat de résistançe:*" macaroni *naturally* supplied this want. Add to these, bread "at discretion," and a bottle of old wine, to which our host gave I forget what superb name, to raise it above the *nosdrale*, and you may easily

form an idea of what were our occupations during two hours.

At length the setting sun warned us to quit this dangerous spot; *dangerous*, because many make themselves dangerously ill at it; and, some time since, a General, of I do not recollect what nation, was said to have eaten three hundred oysters, which had upon him the natural effect—death. I and my party, fearing the fate of this predecessor, hurried into our carriage, which took us through the mouldering tombs, temples, and amphitheatres of Cuma, to a place where a well-preserved portion of the Via Domitiana appears, for a few yards, above ground. From hence we followed, on foot, a path, which, leading through vines, elms, and crops, brought us to the top of a volcanic elevation, that arises in the middle of the plain, at a short distance from the sea.

This elevation is formed of a solid rock, which is, by nature and art, perpendicular on three sides; which is only accessible on the remaining southern side; and which is pierced, in all directions, by passages, more or less wide, but all of which decline towards the center. The rock is *surrounded* by remains of fortifications; and on

it have been found pieces of columns—of the same architecture as the monuments of Pæstum, and which belonged, most probably, to the Grecian temple of Apollo, described by Virgil,—as also an altar, dug up amongst capitals, friezes, and steps, of white marble, and bearing an inscription, "*Apollini Cumano.*" This elevation has been always called Rocca di Cuma. Here, then, on this rock, was first founded the town of Cuma; here Ulysses landed, after quitting the island of Circe; here Æneas came to consult the Sibyl, who dwelt in the center of the rock, where the passages I have mentioned meet, and which, whether they were in reality more or less than a hundred, may, without a great stretch of poetic licence, have been defined as "*aditus "centum, ostia centum.*" The Canon de Jorio, in his most interesting "Journey of Æneas to "the Shades and the Elysian Fields," shews that the WHOLE sixth book of Virgil is copied from nature, with the same minute exactness as may be still recognised in this now ruined cave of the Sibyl!

On leaving Cuma, we rejoined the carriage, and began to return to Naples, but soon stopped at the Arco Felice. To facilitate the passage of

the ridge of hills which divides Cuma from Baiæ and Pozzuoli, a nick was cut in the summit of it; then, to hinder the earth from crumbling down on the road that passed between, and to give a grand appearance to the work, a wall was built up on each side, and arched over at the top. This arch is in brick, well preserved, and has a fine imposing air. I ascended to the top of it; and the view enjoyed from that point fully repays the trouble of attaining it. The sun was now setting directly before me; and its rays, darting horizontally across the sea, dazzled my eyes, and made it more difficult to distinguish, in the bright reflection of the water, the islands, which, with the sea from which they arose, were completely melted and united in the overpowering blaze behind. Amongst these are the islands of Ponza and Pandataria, which served formerly as places of exile for those who drew upon themselves the displeasure of the masters of the world, as that of Ponza does at present for those who incur the indignation of the Kings of Naples. On the left, was the rock of Ischia, towering above Procida and Caprea; and, on the right, the Monte Circello, according to some the habitation of Circe, though others suppose Ponza to

have been the place of her retreat. Beyond the sea, the Mole di Gaeta rose in front; and the low coast, after bending northward to the marshes in which Marius sought in vain to conceal himself, turned again towards Cuma, and shewed, at a few miles distance, the modern Torre di Patria, the death place of C. P. Scipio, and so called from the well-known inscription, "*Ingrata Patria nequidem ossa mea habebis.*" The solitary tower that marks this place is still beheld with interest, when the regretted "Patria" has itself ceased to exist.

It was late when I reached the Grotto of Posilipo; all its lamps were lighted, and afforded a sight congenial with the scenes and ideas amongst which I had passed the day.* Adieu

* By those who fear fatigue, this tour to the Campi Phlegræi may easily be divided into two days work. They should, in that case, visit, on the first day, Avernus and the ruins along the coast as far as Baiæ; then cross the Sella di Baiæ direct to Fusaro, and, after refreshing there, and seeing the Rocca di Cuma, pass through the Arco Felice, and return to Naples. On the second day they should take a boat at Pozzuoli, cross the bay to Baiæ, then follow the path by which I went up the Promontorio di Miseno, and, through the Mercato di Sabato, arrive for dinner at the Fusaro, where their time and appetites must so combine as to leave two hours for returning direct through the Arco Felice. I have thus *manage*

to the tourist two meals at the Fusaro; at Naples, parties are often made to go thither for the sole purpose of eating the devoted oysters, so unlucky in their reputation,—a reputation which, *selon moi*, is scarcely merited. But the itinerary I have chalked out would be incomplete, were I not to caution future tourists as to giving particular directions to their coachmen for meeting them—on both days—*at* the Fusaro. I once set off with a party, when the German officer, who gave the orders to the coachman, not having made himself understood, we missed the carriage, had to return on foot to Pozzuoli, where we arrived by moonlight, but where we were fortunately able to engage a hackney-coach to take us the remainder of the road.

LETTER XXXI.

24th March, 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE Strada Nova, or new road, begun by Murat, but only half finished at the return of the late King, stretches from the end of the Chiaja; follows, for some time, the line of the sea shore; and then reaches by a very gentle ascent, and consequently by a long detour, the summit of the Monte Posilipo. Thus far it was completed, when, after the Congress at Laybach, the German troops entered Naples: this army, wishing to record its stay by some other public benefit than that of the re-establishment of the old government, undertook to finish this road. This engagement they have nearly fulfilled, as

it is passable even to carriages. Now, therefore, a beautiful road—presenting on one side of the mountain, the finest points of view of the bay of Naples, on the other, of that of Pozzuoli—leads from the Chiaja, and joins, near the sea at Bagnuoli, the highway that traverses the Grotta di Posilipo. The groping through this grotto may be thus avoided, though it is still continued by all those who have not two hours to spend in a picturesque tour, on a road bordered by trees and aloes, with precipices on one side, and rocks hanging over it on the other.

This morning I had these two hours at my disposal, and was in the proper tune to enjoy the views, rocks, and precipices, when I was informed that a grotto, containing bones, hats, lamps, and other rarities, had just then been discovered by the Austrian workmen. The curiosity thus excited could but ill combine with my romantic mood; but it immediately impelled me to the top of the hill, where I soon found myself enquiring of the German soldiers the way to the newly-discovered grotto. Great difficulty attended our intercourse: I spoke to them in Italian; they answered in German. At length a corporal, with enormous mustaches,

seemed to take pity on us, and came forward: I explained to him my wants; he understood them perfectly, and gave me, in what he intended to be Italian, long directions as to the path I was to follow. Yet all his good will was of no avail; what with his changing the *us*, *ds*, and *bs*, and his jumbling together Neapolitan *patois* and stray German words, he was perfectly unintelligible to me. I was therefore retiring in despair, when I perceived the officer placed over them: thinking to encounter no further difficulty, I asked him, in French, where I should find Captain M——, the *ingénieur en chef.* Fortunately he caught the *name* I mentioned, and politely motioned to me to follow him: I did so; but all my endeavours to make him understand French or Italian were to no purpose. We proceeded along a narrow path, in what would have been utter silence, had not the stentorial voice of my conductor hollowed now and then the name of the captain. An answer was, at length, returned; and the same path brought us back to the place from which we had first started, and where I found the long-sought captain. He told me that it was true that there had just been discovered a grotto,

that is to say, an under-ground passage, arched with stone, and which had many ramifications; these were, however, difficult to trace, the roof being fallen in in many places. They were also prevented from following its windings by the want of air, which caused their lights to go out, and by the mephitic smell that issued from the caves. They had, nevertheless, found in them three human bodies, drest "*alla moderna*" as far as their hats went, but which had fallen to pieces on exposure to the outward air: near them was a curious lantern, neatly worked with bronze, and with a good crystal. According to all appearances, these people had perished in endeavouring to penetrate the secrets of the grotto.—All this I might have learned at Naples, without running over the fields, and hearing German soldiers talk Italian.

A *promenade sur l'eau*, in a boat be it understood, from Naples to Bagnuoli is well worth taking. The other day, in coasting along close to the shore, I rowed near a space of the sea set apart, from common fishermen, for the exclusive use of the King; then passing Marechiano—a modern village, risen in the place of the ancient Villa of Pollio—I landed at the Gajola, or

Scuala di Virgilio, and went over these ruins, only remarkable from the name they bear. Proceeding to the point of the promontory, I from thence commanded a fine view of the two bays of Naples and Pozzuoli, and of the islands that seem to defend them from the open sea. In front, on a projecting rock, was a hermitage, the habitation of a Capucin monk, as was plain from the barbarously-executed statues of Saints of that order, and from a small basket suspended, from a stick, over the sea, to receive the offerings of the passing boats. Small skiffs surrounded me, each containing two men, one of whom guided it, while the other, with a harpoon, struck at and caught even the smallest fishes. I observed one man take, in this manner, with a long Neptunian trident, a large star fish, which he killed by biting on the head, or "what seemed its head."

I believe that the remarks of English travellers on the "dirty, lazy monks," apply generally to these Capucins, one of whom now stood on the rock before me. As to their *dirtiness*, poverty is the spirit of their order; before the institution of which, all convents, if not exclusively reserved for nobles, required of those admitted

into their communities, at least a good education and a dowry more or less considerable. St. Francis, therefore, founded his order chiefly for the reception of the poorer classes, of working men and peasants, who are certainly capable of as much devotion as the higher ranks of society; and, owing to the strictness of its rules, and to its being unable to possess any landed property—its members subsisting only on voluntary charitable contributions—this order is mainly supplied by poor men. Then, as to their *laziness*, these Capucin convents have generally very large parishes attached to them, which are served, with great zeal and attention, by their priests. Yet an Italian secular priest remarked to me—for the secular have a sort of enmity against the conventual clergy—that St. Francis was very "*astuto*—cunning," in not having allowed his order to possess landed property; as, on that account, no one had any interest in dispersing it, and, when dispersed with others, it was always the first to re-establish itself. One would, however, have expected "cunning" to be the last epithet applied to the founder of this useful order of self-denial.

Being now on religious subjects, I must speak

of one which I ought to have before mentioned to you—namely, the liquefaction of the blood of S. Januarius. This liquefaction—or, at least, the prayers for the liquefaction—takes place for eight successive days in the month of May; from the 19th to the 26th of September; and on the 16th of December—the *fête patronale*. On one of these days I was present at the church, the Cathedral. I was before rather inclined to credit the suppositions usually made, in order to account for the melting of the *substance* without having recourse to supernatural interference, for which, in this "enlightened "age," a particular dislike is manifested. Yet the greatest proof *against* the miracle which I have heard brought forward, is the story of the blood having melted owing to French influence: this story, of which so many different accounts have been profusely given and eagerly believed, is related as follows, in a work,* the authors of which have probably transcribed what was supposed to be the true version of the occurrence. "Several minutes had passed, without the lique-"faction taking place; the president of the

* "Victoires et Conquêtes, Désastres et Révers, des "Français, depuis 1792, jusq' à 1815."

"governments then approached the Cardinal, "and told him in a low voice, showing a pistol "he held in his hand, but so that the Cardinal "alone could see it, 'My Lord, be quick, let "'the blood melt, or your Eminence has ceased "'to live.' The miracle took place immedi- "ately, and the Cardinal, addressing himself to "the multitude who displayed their joy, said to "them, 'You see it, my brethren, our great "'Saint *wills* the Revolution.'"

This anecdote has been often brought forward as an indisputable proof of the *non miracle*. But where is the proof that the liquefaction would *not* have taken place *without* the interference of the French pistol, which, as the officiating Cardinal must have been well assured, the French were too good politicians to make use of, at the risk—or rather with the certainty—of exciting an insurrection, the very thing they were afraid of? So much for proofs from French intervention. Three different keys of the place in which the blood is preserved are kept by three different orders—of the Canons of the Cathedral, of the other priests of the town, and the Cavalieri—Nobles: these three corporations have often had serious quarrels and controver-

sies amongst themselves, during which the *secret*, if there had been any, must have transpired. When the blood is to be brought forth, a deputation is sent, by each of these three orders, to present its key: it, the blood, is then approached to the head of St. Januarius, which is kept in a rich case; litanies and other prayers are sung by the priests and by the anxious and deafening voices of the Neapolitan people, and, after a greater or less length of time, the liquefaction does, or does not, take place. As the people are scarcely ever near enough to the altar to be able to see themselves if the miracle *has* taken place, it often happens that the bells are rung, the *Te Deum* is chaunted, and they are told that the blood *has* melted, when the contrary is the case: this may be seen from the journal of the miracle, kept in the Cathedral, and in which all the particulars of each melting or not melting have been noted for the two last centuries.

When I witnessed the liquefaction, the people were admitted near the altar; the blood, when first brought forth, was shewn to them congealed; and, after it had melted, the bottle was carried round to them to kiss; which they did quietly, and without any of those scenes of

confusion and disturbance so often described. But as the form of the bottle which contains the blood is of importance, from the impression it may be supposed to receive from external application or atmosphere, I will endeavour to delineate it to you. A glass case, about eight inches long and three broad, ornamented with silver, and the lower end of which terminates in a perpendicularly projecting silver handle, contains two small glass bottles, each of which is about half full of a purple liquid—or congealed substance,—on the surface of which dust and small bits of straw are seen to float. The warmth of the priest's hand, or of lighted tapers, could, therefore, have no effect through this double case.

I had myself little curiosity to behold the liquefaction; but I attended at the request of a good Protestant friend, who had witnessed it the day before, and who, though unwilling to profess a belief in miraculous interposition, yet allowed that he could in no other manner account for what he had seen. You guess before now that I am more inclined to see the performance in this light, than to endeavour to explain it by reasoning: this you will attribute to the religion

I profess; and, when I tell you, that, except those of scripture, no miracles, however well proved, are received as of faith by the Catholic Church, you, a Protestant, will answer, that you are better acquainted with the religious belief of the Catholics, than any member of that religion can himself be. This is the usual way in which those of your "persuasion" argue these matters. But now that I have related in what matter the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius takes place, I leave it to yourself to determine, if any thing can account for it more easily than supernatural interference; unless, indeed, frost and thaw can be brought to bear on the question. But it is now so long since I have seen either of these, to me, strange phenomena, that I have almost forgotten their effect on *water;* I am, therefore, still less able to say what it would be on *blood.*

At Pozzuoli is a stone on which fell some drops of the blood of St. Januarius: these are said to dissolve, whenever that of Naples melts.

I shall conclude this subject with a quotation from Butler's "Lives of the Saints;" a work which—known and esteemed all over the Continent—*you* are, of course, unacquainted with,

although it does as much honour to English literature, as any in which learning and assiduous inquiry are chiefly demanded. "The "standing miracle, as it is called by Baronius, "of the blood of St. Januarius liquefying and "boiling up at the approach of the martyr's "head, is likewise very famous.—The fact is "attested by Baronius, Ribadeneira, and innu- "merable other eye-witnesses, of all nations and "religions, many of whom most attentively exa- "mined all the circumstances. Certain Jesuits, "sent by F. Ballandus to Naples, were allowed "by the Archbishop, Cardinal Philamarini, to "see this prodigy; the minute description of "the manner in which it is performed is related "by them in the Life of F. Bollandus. It hap- "pens equally in all seasons of the year, and in "variety of circumstances. The same is done "on extraordinary occasions, at the discretion "of the Archbishop. This miraculous solution "and ebullition of the blood of Saint Januarius "is mentioned by Pope Pius II. when he "speaks of the reign of Alphonsus I. of Arragon, "King of Naples, in 1450: Angelus Cato, an "eminent physician of Salerno, and others, "mention it in the same century. Almost two

"hundred years before that epoch, historians
"take notice that King Charles I. of Anjou
"coming to Naples, the Archbishop brought
"out the head and blood of this martyr. The
"continuation of the Chronicle of Maraldus
"says the same was done upon the arrival of
"King Roger; who venerated these relics in
"1140. Falco of Benevento relates the same
"thing. From several circumstances this miracle
"is traced much higher; and it is said to have
"regularly happened on the annual feast of
"Saint Januarius, and on that of the transla-
"tion of his relics, from the time of that trans-
"lation, about the year 400."

Some English tourist has published, that, in one of the churches of Naples, was kept a feather, "moulted" or plucked, it seems that it was not decided which, from the wing of the Angel Raphael. Anxious to ascertain the truth of this assertion, I made inquiries, and was assured that no such relic existed. I then demanded the meaning of figures, representing the Blessed Virgin, being dressed in clothes said to have been worn by *her herself.* I was answered, that these clothes had been taken from particular statues of the blessed Virgin, kept in any parti-

cular place. Of how much amusement would the English public be deprived, if English tourists would make these inquiries, before inserting their sneers at what they themselves do not understand, but the which sneers will, they are well aware, interest their equally ignorant readers! Adieu.

LETTER XXXII.

Naples, 19*th April*, 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM never very anxious to visit modern structures, particularly palaces: to this may be attributed my having till yesterday delayed making a tour to Caserta. At eight o'clock in the morning I entered on a rich plain, traversed by an excellent road, from which thick volumes of dust arose, until a dark cloud, bursting above my head, cleared the higher and lower atmosphere, and rendered the rest of the journey more agreeable. Two hours and a half brought me to a fine alley of trees, at the end of which the palace of Caserta appeared.

My simply mentioning to you that this edifice

was built by a Dutchman, would be giving a sufficient reason for its many faults, had not Van Wittel been the directing architect of several much-esteemed works. The palace is raised on an absolute flat; and has, therefore, no advantage of position. Before it is a plot of burnt grass. It looks on the outside smaller than it really is; its fronts being about eight hundred feet long, its sides six hundred. The first story only is of hewn stone, all the rest is built of red bricks. The gateways are so high and narrow, as to look like niches in the wall. A row of *mezzanini* windows, between those of the first and second story, and the center and two end divisions of the façade, which occupy the greater part of it, and which project a little before the rest, break the unity and continuity of the front, which, otherwise, *might* perhaps have approached to grandeur. The four interior courts are too small to be striking, which one large open space would have been. The only fine part of the building is the staircase; this, indeed, is magnificent. It leads to a small ante-room, in the center of the palace, and conducting equally to the four quarters of it. Only one of these quarters is, on the inside, finished

and furnished; yet this is ill fitted up, and contains no large room. In another quarter of the house are some apartments almost bare, "*per i* "*cavalieri.*" The chapel is on the same plan as that of Versailles. The theatre—although here, as in *most* palaces, the chapel and theatre are *not* entered by opposite doors on each side of a corridor—the theatre is very small and rich.

In descending the staircase, I saw, in a niche, the statue of Charles III. This sculpture I remarked on account of one of those incongruities so often observable in this sort of composition. The sovereign was seated on the back of a lion, which carried him on at full pace, while his bare feet were supported by a cushion lying on the ground. How was this cushion to keep pace with the lion? This question can only be satisfactorily answered, by supposing that the animal was going to take one corner of it between his open and formidable jaws, and thus avoid the otherwise necessary *displacement* of the royal feet.

I had not the curiosity to walk to the "*cas-* "*cades,*" half a mile distant: seen through the center gate of the palace, the water seemed to fall between two well-built banks!

Neither did I see the Belvedere, otherwise called St. Leuceo, or the royal manufacture of silks, three miles distant. The establishment is, I was told, ill kept, and inferior to those of private manufacturers in France. This I easily believed, having seen, in the official "*giornale*," that the King, "on account of his many occupa-"tions, and as a proof of the love he bore to his "Queen, thought fit to make over the property "to her royal and, at the same time, maternal "hands, not doubting but that it would be per-"fectly well looked to," &c.

On a hill, near the palace, are some remains of the ancient Caserta; and at five miles distance, in the mountains, is the famous modern Pont du Gard—the Ponte Aquidotto della Valle, which conveys water to the palace of Caserta. I visited neither of these very different sights: having admired the Pont du Gard near Nismes, I was less anxious than I should otherwise have been to see this aqueduct of modern masonry, built in a great part of bricks, and which, from its distance from Caserta, would have rendered it necessary to sleep at that town.

I must rectify this denomination of *town*, wrongly applied to the large but dirty village

I now traversed to regain its miserably uncomfortable inn, where I wished to lunch. My demands for cold meat were at first unsuccessful, on the ground that there was none in the house; but the waiter, recollecting himself, soon informed me that I could have a piece of *cold* veal. He accordingly placed on the table a dish, which I perceived to have been that moment taken from the spit. "Is this cold?" I demanded. 'Yes, Sir,' "No, it's hot." 'Only a very little, Sir,' was the reply.

My passing the Campo, on entering Naples, recalled to my remembrance a scene which I had witnessed there a few days before. The Campo is a large field, without the town, employed for various uses. Its name, however, —Campo di Marte,—indicates that it is intended as a place for the military exercises of the Neapolitan troops, when there are any, though now made use of by those of the allied Austrians. It is also much frequented by the young officers of English vessels, which may chance to anchor at Naples. These young men are sometimes seen driving down Toledo in hackney-coaches, in or about which as many as thirteen often place themselves: you conceive the accidents

that cannot fail to occur. Arrived on the ground, they astonish the Neapolitans, who have followed them, by carrying on the English, but here unknown, game of cricket. But, at the time I am speaking of, the Campo was selected as a ground fit for horse-races, which subscriptions, amongst English and Neapolitan amateurs, had lately organised. The whole was handsomely got up; many brilliant equipages attended; about a dozen horses ran *à l'Anglaise*, with riders —"jokeys," as they were called on the printed bills. All this appears very natural to you: to, me, however, it had all the charm of novelty, being the first race in which I had ever seen the horses carry riders; and this I must own to be an improvement. For though I went to the ground rather prejudiced against what I considered as an innovation, yet I soon found that the "jokeys" and colours gave an additional interest to the scene before me. Adieu.

LETTER XXXIII.

Naples, 1st May, 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

We were to quit Naples in eight days, and I had not yet seen Pæstum. It was impossible to defer any longer making this three days' excursion: and a rainy morning at the end of last month found me, with one of our party, seated in an open carriage, and provided with a passport in form. The weather, although inconvenient for our mode of conveyance, was of service in laying the dust; and, as it cleared up at mid-day, it was rather agreeable than otherwise.

Pæstum is about sixty miles from Naples. I was acquainted with the road no farther than

Pompeii: it passes beside the hill formed by that town, and then traversing the beautiful and rich plain in which it is situated, brought us to the top of the chain of steep and romantic mountains, in the center of which Vesuvius arises. Here the Bay of Salerno opened upon us; and, stretching far below us its "*onda* "*tranquilla e pura*," gently flowed against the beach of the town, which, with the steep and pointed hills behind it, received and reflected the enlivening rays of a Neapolitan sun. Of what continual pleasure are those deprived, who are unable to view the varied effects of such a sun! These were my reflections as I thought on you and your climate, with all the pride of an inhabitant of the South; of one who had been exalted by the beautiful landscape he had just traversed, and by the associations that had been awakened within him. Thus, for example, I had seen, fastened to the door of a butcher's slaughtering-yard, a young bullock, which could not fail to excite a crowd of classical feelings; its head was adorned with flowers, and a garland of roses was wound around its horns!

After Salerno, where we breakfasted, the scenery changed: a succession of uninteresting

hills arose immediately on our left, while a wide low plain extended, on the right, to the sea. The rain fell fast as we entered the great court of the Inn of Ebboli; we were led, through long corridors, into cells about ten feet square: it was evident that we were in an ancient monastery, which the number of cells proved to have been a very large one.

Once lodged for the night, I proceeded to the kitchen to look after our supper. Here I recognised, lying on a dresser, and, to all appearances, dead, a fowl which, as I entered the inn, I had observed a girl, who went before me, carry into the kitchen. This girl I now saw take up the bird, which I perceived to be not quite dead, and dip it in a pan of boiling water: the struggling of the animal you may imagine, since, on being taken out after a few instants, it still moved, while its unheeding executioner pulled off its feathers without the least effort to herself, and to obtain the which end the hot water had been employed. This process is still more barbarous than that followed to give "the liver complaint" to the geese devoted to make the *patés de foie gras*: for, in the latter case, the certainty of great gain is cause of the

cruelty employed, whereas the girl at Ebboli only aimed at lessening her own trouble.

So much for the fowl. I was, in the mean time, superintending the preparing of our "*caffè, latte, e buttirro.*" This it is always best to do in small inns; it is even almost necessary. The people are unaccustomed to the English manners; they look upon it as pride and arrogance, when a person stays in his apartment while his meal is cooking; and this, as they think it, haughty treatment must be paid for. Much trouble, also, is avoided by conforming to their notions; the waiter is sure to forget half the appendages of the repast, whatever it be; no bell is at hand: it is therefore better to see oneself beforehand that nothing is wanting, and to conciliate the servants by an appearance of condescension; for people work with more zeal and good will when those they work for are looking on and conversing with them. And, besides all these reasons, the insight thus obtained of the characters, opinions, and dispositions of the lower classes of society will fully repay the curious observer of human nature for the restraint he shall have imposed upon himself. My excursions to the kitchen were also

caused, in part, by the "*buttirro*" I had ordered. A small bladder, containing, as we were told, butter, had been set on the table: having cut off one end of it, I found what tasted to me as cheese. I went to the kitchen, and informed the assembled family, and a party of waggoners who were supping on pigeons, of my discovery. They were much amused by my assertion, but cutting the bladder in two, they obliged me to allow that it contained tolerably good butter. This is their manner of preserving it fresh, though the outside had acquired the look and taste of "*cascio cavallo.*"

These people refused to give any details of the murder of Mr. and Mrs. H. and seemed afraid of being themselves suspected.

We set off at seven; the rain had fallen all night, and continued to do so till within a few miles of Pæstum.

At Ebboli the road forms a right angle, and turns directly south: it is good as far as Granatella, a great royal chase, situated in a beautiful spot, on the banks of a stream that falls into the sea near Pæstum. To this seat the King—Ferdinand—used to repair once every year; consequently the road that leads to it is very

good: but from thence it is difficult to distinguish the wheel-track that conducts to Pæstum. The cause of this neglect is evident: Granatella is the last royal chase in this direction; why should Ferdinand when, once a year, he came thus far—fifty miles—to chase, why should he prolong his journey, by five miles, to see Pæstum? What could *he* have done at Pæstum? and why make a road so useless, so unnecessary to himself, as that from Granatella to Pæstum would have been?

Murat, it seems, thought differently: he was continuing the road, and had completed about half of what remained, as far as a wooden bridge which—from its resemblance with the great wooden bridge over the Rhone at Avignon—I immediately recognised as being of French construction. After this point, our coachman, though he had often made the same journey, was nevertheless obliged to inquire of a peasant lad which of the many paths before him led to "Priesto?"

The monuments of this place were not visible until a short time before our arrival at what was formerly one of the gates of the town. The country we had traversed was ill cultivated, and

very different from the descriptions in the Georgics; although the land itself seems by its richness to assert their possible exactness.

At the ancient walls of the town—for, although the town itself has entirely sunk and disappeared, the walls are still visible above ground, and, in some places, rise to a considerable height—I found some men and boys who offered us pieces of broken vases, dug up, they asserted, *before* the publication of the new law, which forbids them to make excavations. One old man followed, and attached himself to us as *cicerone*. Thinking that a *cicerone* could not be necessary at Pæstum, and finding that this man talked incessantly, and disturbed the solemnity of the scene, I requested him to leave us to ourselves. He mistook my complaints; and, supposing that I was questioning the truth of what he was recounting, he cried out with great action, "*No, Signore! sono cicerone; ed i "ciceroni non possono ingannar nessuno; no, mai!* "No, Sir! I am a *cicerone;* and *ciceroni* can "not deceive any one; no, never!" At length I pacified and got rid of him.

I have spoken of the *solemnity* of the place; and this solemnity is indeed most strikingly

awful. I was approaching the Temple of Neptune, the principal of the three ruins which rose out of the immense plain before me, and on which my eyes were too much riveted to observe the bare mountains on my left. The ground around was uncultivated; and was covered with a long coarse grass, which scarcely concealed the surface of bricks and rubbish, and the stray fragments of stone, from amongst which it sprung. These are the traces which now remain of a once flourishing city! Grasshoppers and other insects started up from beneath my steps, and flew across the path with an unvaried and unceasing chirping. The sky was unclouded, and the sun shone forth in all its brilliancy. It is astonishing what an appearance of increased dreariness is added, to a scene of this description, by the expanse of blazing white sky: for the sky of Naples is of a suffused white, not blue tint. As I drew near to the temple, its dimensions seemed suddenly to enlarge; for, although the whole of the building was before visible, yet it then bore no proportion with the mass of detached columns which now extended themselves, and broke at once upon me. Flocks of sea-fowls rose, with a

hoarse and continued croaking, from the ruin, and flew from entablature to pillar, and from temple to temple, mistaking them, it might be supposed, for barren, sea-washed rocks, scarcely more solid and desolate. A boy whom I met here warned me not to stir aside from the narrow path that winded through thistles and high weeds, which were, he assured me, the covert of large serpents—in summer very numerous and dangerous. In short, the impression produced by the ruins of Rome, of Pompeii even, cannot be compared to that caused by the retired situation, and the noble architecture of these monuments. Destruction seems to reign here in all its power, and yet to be defied and resisted, not by solid walls, these have long since disappeared, but by separate columns, united only by the massive entablature they support.

These temples are too well known to demand further description. The steps, on which the pillars are raised, supply the place of pedestals, and struck me as producing a much grander effect. The architecture of the Temple of Neptune is perfect; it is far superior to that of the two other monuments. That called the Basilica is much larger than the others, and built on

a different plan; its pillars are too small, and, in no part is it equal to the others. The cornice, frieze, and architrave of the Temple of Ceres appeared to me much too large and heavy, and not sufficiently carved or ornamented for the slenderness of the pillars. The shade of the stone in these last monuments is much whiter than that of the Temple of Neptune, which is burnt to a dark red by the sun. The mosaic pavement of this temple has been taken to the Cathedral of Salerno: two capitals were lying within its precincts, the columns belonging to which had, I was told, been transported to Caserta: and wherefore?

We then followed our young *cicerone*, who had succeeded to the old one, to the "*fiume "petrificante, che fa la pietra.*" This is a small stream which runs at the foot of the southern walls of the town, which here rise higher than at any other part. This water deposes a cement, that hardens into "*travertino,*" to all appearances the same as that employed in the construction of the temples. The walls of the town are built of large cut masses of this same stone, and resemble, in their structure, the ancient walls of Fiesole. On returning to the

tavern, the arch of the eastern gate, still standing, was pointed out to me.

We then groped through this miserable hut into the room in which Mr. H. had expired. The mistress of the *cabaret* brought us tolerably good wine, and bread not *quite* black: "*è buono* "*Signore,*" she said, "*ma è un poco nero*—it's "good, Sir; but it is a little black." And she spoke truth; besides, it is not after seeing the ruins of Pæstum that one would object to poor food in a poor cabin.

I observed that in proportion as we had come further from Naples, the people talked a purer Italian. I might, had I had sufficient leisure, have taken an interesting sketch from the door of this tavern. A few paces before me a poor peasant was cutting wood, which he rested on a portion of a broken pillar; his low, thatched cottage, and pigsty, were close behind him, and, beyond these, the white pillars of the Temple of Ceres were seen through the spare leaves of a spreading elm.

At two o'clock we left Pæstum: its monuments are by far the most interesting, and the best worth visiting, of any in Italy. They made me wish to see the Parthenon, and yet consoled

me for not being able to do so. At a quarter of a mile's distance we passed the spot on which Mr. and Mrs H. had been murdered: the banditti had issued from without a heath of underwood which bordered the road on one side, while on the other a stone wall and a high hedge concealed them from a house a few hundred steps behind it.

We soon approached Ebboli; which, prettily situated on an elevation that advances before a ridge of high hills, offered its white plaster walls and its glittering casements to the purple rays of the setting sun. We left it on the right, and arrived at Salerno at seven. We found our dinner prepared, according to the orders we had previously given, and a table set close to the open window of our apartment. The moon shone bright on the terrace before our chamber, on the fine rocky hills that rose on the right, on the wide unbroken flat that stretched along the shore to Pæstum, and on the quiet sea and port, in which but one small vessel lay anchored, and reflected, from its scarce moving mast, the silvery light that rode in the blue sky above.

Next morning, being Sunday, two boys, who

as usual termed themselves *ciceroni*, led me through several dirty streets to the cathedral; a large plain building. After hearing mass, I endeavoured to find out the mosaic pavement, brought from Pæstum; but, as it was the hour in which the German garrison filled the church, no sacristan was to be found, and my two *ciceroni* frankly owned their ignorance on *that* head. I pointed to some mosaic near the high altar, and asked if that was it: the person I addressed mistook the direction of my finger, but answered, "*Si Signore, è questo il mosaico*—Yes, Sir, this is "the mosaic," touching at the same time a plain marble, holy water bason! What was to be done? I gave up the search, examined some well-sculptured sarcophagi in the court of the church, returned to the inn, breakfasted, and set off again at ten.

At Pompeii we turned off from the Naples road, and three quarters of an hour brought us to Castellamare, on the balcony of a good inn looking on the bay of Naples. Directly under the windows of the houses, and close to the Corso, a space, about ten feet wide, is separated from the main sea by a ridge of stones. In the hole thus formed, baths are erected, while those

of the summer visiters of Castellamare who are able to swim, cross the ridge of stones, and display their skill to passengers and to the inhabitants of the opposite houses. Those who seek shelter in Castellamare from the heat of the summer months, occupy neat villas on the side of the high mountain that rises behind the town; these villas are more or less distant from the sea, and it is only with great difficulty that carriages can ascend the steep road that leads to them. A great part of the hill is covered by a wood, in which the *désœuvrés* visiters saunter about on foot in search of coolness, while others heat themselves by endeavouring to *excite*, as the French have it, the donkies on which they ride in large parties: meantime the more malicious employ their leisure in drawing caricatures of their friends thus mounted or mounting. There are in the place no libraries, no public amusements, no regular post day even; for, although a packet-boat communicates twice a day with Naples, it only carries letters when sufficiently numerous. The King has a villa finely exposed on the hill. Castellamare is the fashionable summer resort of the Neapolitan and foreign gentry; but, though

beautifully situated, it must be uninteresting and *ennuyeux* to those who are unable to enjoy, during three months, the amusements and occupations I have described to you.

We returned to Naples in the evening. Adieu.

LETTER XXXIV.

Naples, May 3, 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

After resting one day, I proceeded this morning to Resina, where I left my carriage, and engaged a *cicerone* to lead me up Vesuvius. Thinking that it would be less fatigue to walk, I refused the miserable looking asses that were brought forward, and we turned up a narrow lane on the left, that mounted gradually in a straight line. My guide was a good-natured, talkative fellow, and seemed to be in high favour with the others of his trade; this the proverb says to be an uncommon case; but, in Italy, I have generally found workmen of all sorts hold together like partners, and

scarcely ever out-bid each other. We met a party returning from the mountain; the man who conducted it, clapping mine on the shoulder, assured me I had found a "*bravissimo cicerone.*" All these *ciceroni* wear slight linen vests and pantaloons, no stockings—as they occasionally carry their shoes in their hands, in which they also bear a large stick, or rather club, that supports them, while they request travellers to take hold of a handkerchief, tied round their waists, that they may, in some measure, drag them up the hill. We passed an old man, who, with a small hoe, was collecting, on each side of the path, the stones and lava that covered it. On seeing us approach, he left his work, and threw himself on his knees beside the road: in this way do the cringing and servile manners of Italian beggars often revolt people from bestowing on them the charity they implore. On each side of the path were vines, planted in the cinders of the volcano, and which seemed burnt and dried up for want of nourishment: yet these vineyards produce the famous Lacrymæ Christi wine! We soon left them behind, and followed our road, which now became more broken and uneven, passing over the points of the black

lava that extended on all sides around us: in front, the top of the mountain was concealed in a thick cloud, and behind, we looked down on the whole bay, receiving and reflecting the sun, which was then rising high in the horizon. My guide borrowed for me, of a returning *cicerone*, a club like his own, and began relating the history of a modern French Empedocles. "This man had," he said, "arrived at Naples "three years ago by sea; he had immediately "ascended Vesuvius, then in eruption; and had "passed three days at the Hermitage, collecting "different sorts of lava which he had packed up "carefully and sent away. On the morning of "the fourth day he had—after writing several "letters, in one of which he cleared his *cicerone* "of all suspicion which might otherwise have "attached itself to him—ascended to the edge "of a small crater that was then throwing out "flames, cried "*addio*" to his guide, and preci-"pitated himself, head foremost, into the fiery "gap." My historian vouched himself for the truth of these particulars.

As he ended his story, we reached the Hermitage. This is a poor cottage, situated in a cultivated spot, and shaded, towards the South,

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by a few well-grown trees. Two Capucin Monks, who always inhabit it, came forward, received me politely, and offered eggs, wine, &c. As I had already breakfasted, I requested bread, and a bottle of wine, being much fatigued and heated: indeed, I had long regretted having refused, at Resina, the *monture* offered me. The monks seemed sorry that my wants should be so small; but they shewed me into their *salon*, giving me white wine, which fatigue made me find excellent. I then turned over the leaves of the book in which the names and poetic ebullitions of former travellers were inscribed; wrote my own—name, I mean,—and was preparing to depart, when my servant and *cicerone* entered, asking me if would not see an Englishman who was dying or dead—I could not make out which—in the house. I immediately followed them into the next room, where I saw a young man, of apparently four or five and twenty years of age, lying on a small uncomfortable bed; his head was greatly swollen, and his whole face was purple from extravasated blood. I was told, that, on the morning before, he had ascended the mountain with three or four companions, but that, when running down the cone, he had fallen

and his head striking against a large stone, he had been borne insensible to the Hermitage. His companions had then returned to Naples, leaving with him an English friend, who was unable to speak a word of Italian. A doctor of the neighbourhood was in attendance; and, some hours before my arrival, his English companion had left him, giving the monks to understand,—by pointing to the name of Canon ——, engraved on a Map of Naples suspended in the room—that he intended to consult the Canon, and then return and have his friend transported to Naples. A slip of paper was shewn me, on which he had written the name of the wounded man, "Charles B——, an Irish Catholic priest." I requested the doctor, a coarse but sensible looking man, not to talk so loud in the chamber of the patient, and not to disturb him by his officiousness. Neither the monks nor the physician considered the young man quite out of danger; but their opinions as to his removal to Naples were very different. The doctor, of course, recommended his being left under his care, till better recovered; but the monks complained of the trouble and inconvenience they were put to, and said that some difficulty might

arise with the police, in case of a person's dying in their house! I joined those present in letting the Capucins guess how little I was edified by the want of charity they shewed in a circumstance of life and death. Indeed this *dureté* was the more disgusting in people professing a religious life, and who themselves live on the charity of others. The state of the patient hindered me from giving him the consolation of knowing that a countryman—for, at this distance, Scotch and Irish are, without distinction, called English—was near him, and interested in his misfortune.

I continued my walk, after paying the monks some *carlini*, for which they seemed thankful: and the *absence* of which, with regard to the Irish priest, they seemed to fear more than the *presence* of the police they had spoken of. From the pretty general account I had heard of their *exigence*, I had expected that they would be discontented with the remuneration I offered; I had even almost hoped that such would be the case, in order that I might have an opportunity of reproaching them with the apparent interestedness of the attentions they paid to the wounded man; but the *esprit de son état* must

it seems, gain on Capucins even, when they turn publicans, for such in fact these are.

Half an hour brought me to the mist that overspread the top of the mountain, and to the foot of the cone. Here I found a troop of asses, which, having carried their burdens as far as the road permitted them, awaited their return from the top. I began ascending the cone, following a path scarcely marked in the loose cinders, or rather sand, into which my foot sunk deeper the higher I mounted. Through the thick mist that floated around us, we now and then caught glimpses of descending visiters; first, a party of Austrian officers issued from the cloud, which, a moment after, again buried them; we then descried, with difficulty, some English ladies and gentlemen, whose boisterous talk and mirth made our situation appear still more striking; sometimes we heard the voices of people—themselves invisible, but who, from the difference of their position, were able to perceive *us*—inquiring of their guides who and of what nation we were, while my *cicerone*, recognising the voice of a comrade, halloed through the mist, and received the responsive greetings of the other. All these parties, however, flowed past

in succession; and as we ascended higher up the cone, no others succeeded to them. The path was here as nearly perpendicular as possible, and the fatigue was very great. My guide, discovering my interior from my exterior motions, called down to me, "*Coraggio! coraggio! per* manniere multi *maccaroni.*" '*Si trovano*,' I demanded, with the eagerness of a hungry amateur, '*Si trovano dunque maccaroni* 'in coppa,' *i. e.* in Neapolitan, *on the top.* "*No, ma in Resina; che qua i* diaboli cociano i *maccaroni*,"* was the reply. I followed, however, the man's advice; and, resting against the fragments of rock which occasionally lay in our path, I soon reached the top, where he was already making the echo repeat his citations of the "*diaboli.*" The ascent from the foot of the cone had occupied half an hour.

Many set off from Naples at midnight, "to see "the sun rise from the top of Vesuvius." The idea is certainly very captivating; yet I greatly prefer seeing the mountain in the state I then found it. I was on the edge of the crater; the

* "Courage! courage! we'll eat a deal of macaroni." 'Is 'there, then, macaroni on the top?' "No, but in Resina; for "here the devils cook their macaroni."

cloud that lay upon it permitted me to distinguish, for a few paces on each side, the sharp rim, which, stretching to the right and left, encircled a chasm, the extent and depth of which was completely concealed by the mist; and under this my imagination was free to picture to itself all the natural and supernatural horrors usually supposed to exist in the crater of a volcano. The scene called to my remembrance one I had witnessed in a very different country—in descending the Rhone from Avignon to Boucaire. The boat was then so completely covered with a thick fog, which hid from us the banks of the river, that the fresh-water sailors who filled it began to imagine that they were on the open sea, themselves crossing the ocean for what they had hoped to find at the fair of Boucaire. To assure them of the contrary, and to consult for the safety of his barge, the pilot run it ashore, and lay by till the sun, rising pale, wavering, and indistinct, from behind Mont Ventou, pierced with difficulty through the fog, and allowed us to proceed on our voyage.

Whilst I have been making this digression, my *cicerone* had collected some dry sticks, which, on being placed in a cleft in the rock, caught

fire, and sent forth a blaze that perfectly agreed with the scenery, and made me regret that it was the only one visible. Soon, however, the Punta del Palo—the highest point in the circumference of the crater—began to appear through the mist; the cloud which filled the chasm then suddenly retired; its clearing away reminded me of the dispersion of the fogs, which, *occasionally*, brooded over the pools and pointed spire of my native village in Lincolnshire, and which I then—ten years ago—little dreamed of finding on the summit of Vesuvius. I now, therefore, distinctly surveyed the form and all the particulars of the crater. I can only describe it by assimilating it to a dark blue basin, which having had hot water poured *out* of it, still emits from its sides the vapour of the newly withdrawn liquid. Such is the exact form of the crater: it is perfectly regular, and the small *fumerolles*, or puffs of smoke, which issued from the sides and bottom of the hole, were the only attempts at eruption I witnessed. The form of the cone was much altered by the eruption of 1822. It was, before that time, much higher; and the smaller cone, which formerly rose within the crater, was then carried

away. Thus, I believe, the present Mount Vesuvius to have been itself formed within an ancient crater, of which the Montagna di Somma is at present, and perhaps then was, the highest point. I procured from a boy who, with a basket on his head, containing wine, glasses, &c. had reached the summit at the same time as myself, some oranges, which are, at all times, the most efficient refreshment I know, though my *cicerone* preferred wine. He told me that, two days before, he had descended into the crater by means of cords; that, since then, a ditch had formed itself in the bottom of the *basin ;* that two or three *scoppe*, like the reports of a gun, had been heard; and, adding to these phenomena, the number of flies that surrounded us, he concluded that an eruption would soon take place.

I descended the cone in a few minutes, following my guide, who ran forward, carrying his shoes in his hands. At the Hermitage I found an agent of the police, sent on account of the wounded man, whom I found sleeping quietly; and I do not doubt of his speedy recovery.

At Resina I parted from my guide, and gave him a *piastra*, with which he was perfectly satis-

fied; yet, observing that my excursion had caused a large hole in the side of my boot, he proposed to me to give him my *chaussure*, as it could not possibly serve me in future; and, he continued, as I was to return in a carriage, I should find no inconvenience from having complied with his reqnest. I declined, however, this arrangement; and consoling myself that I had now seen all the *sights* of Naples, I slept all the way back to our lodgings, which we left this evening for an apartment in the Victoire Hotel,* from whence we intend to start, in a few days, to return to France. Adieu.

* After a trial of this inn, I should recommend that of the Des Britanniques, better managed, and enjoying a better view.

LETTER XXXV.

Naples, May 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I SHALL now send you the various observations and miscellaneous remarks on Naples, which have not found place in my former letters, but which a residence of twelve months has suggested to me. Beginning with the weather. I found the summer months of July and August far more tolerable than I had expected: it is true that from nine in the morning till eight at night it was impossible to stir out of doors, to have the windows, or even the blinds, open—restraints which would have been avoided, had we inhabited the interior of the town; but, in that case, we should have been deprived of the sea

breeze, that generally prevails in the morning and evenings; of the view which, at these hours, we were able to enjoy from our windows; and of the exposition of our balcony, which, running along the whole front of the house, afforded a midnight walk—a Neapolitan midnight walk—which compensated for the restraints of the day. The *scirocco*—though not so strong as is generally supposed—often blows: while it lasts—commonly not more than a day or two—most people, particularly if strangers, suffer from head-achs. It never had that effect on me; on the contrary, I like its mellow softness, and the light grey clouds it scatters over the sky. During part of my stay I gave great attention to the thermometer. From June to September inclusive it generally marked—in the shade, but in a southern aspect—between 80 and 95 degrees; it once rose to 102. In those months the air was, from time to time, refreshed by rain and lightning, which always cooled it for some days. About the end of August I beheld the most brilliant lightning—accompanied by thunder, but without rain—I ever witnessed. From the illuminated side of the sky long trains of light shot completely across the horizon, and,

from amongst these, frequent globes of fire issued, and, bursting like rockets, flew in all directions, and fell, still ignited, in the street before me: fireworks of the same sort, though less brilliant, are often seen at Naples. The rains are here particularly heavy, falling, like one continued sheet of water, for two or even three days together: the weather is, however, generally dry.

In October the thermometer was never below 70; it sometimes rose above 80.

November was rather the rainy month; my thermometer never descended below 60.

In December it rose again to about 70. On the 16th of this month, the thermometer standing at 68, I lighted a small fire in the evening: this was the first time at Naples.

January brought us a good deal of rain: on the 6th, my thermometer marked 43 degrees, the lowest point to which it ever descended. A few flakes of snow fell; and I made a fire, for the first time, in the *morning*. On the following days my southern habits found the weather rather cold.

February was generally fine; thermometer from 60 to above 70. Towards the end of this

month I laid aside my winter clothing. Indeed he English had, during the whole of the winter season, been occasionally seen in Nankin or white pantaloons. Snow on the top of Vesuvius and the other high mountains had however often reflected the brilliant sun we had almost continually enjoyed.

In March, April, and May, the weather was beautiful; these spring months are the most agreeable at Naples, on account of the aspect of the country, and the temperature of the air, which, in June, begins to be too warm. During the winter, I never regarded whether any fire was lighted or not in the morning. Such is the climate of Naples: and, in spite of its inconveniences from heat, one must prefer it to that of more northern countries. In fact, and the same opinion has been given by other travellers,—*I consider the south as beginning at Naples, and not before:* out of six months of a Florence winter, I experienced three months of clouds and rain: the winter of Rome I found raw, damp, and foggy. These trials account for an opinion which, at first, appears exaggerated.

I should recommend Naples as a more convenient bathing-place than any on the Mediter-

ranean coast of Italy; not as a gay one,—it not being frequented as such, and all capitals are deserted during summer,—but as still affording many resources, often not to be met with in watering-places. As for society, I have already said that the "*vicende politiche*" have banished all such intercourse from amongst the Neapolitans. They, the Neapolitans, are, however, found at the parties given by the English and the foreign ambassadors. On the evenings that are not taken up by these *soirées*, each Neapolitan lady remains at home, and admits her *coterie* of men; for one lady seldom pays an evening visit to another. Each one, therefore, as she is more or less sought after, receives a greater or less number of male acquaintances from nine till midnight. On St. Carlo nights, the only difference is, that, as I have before mentioned, she receives these visits in her box. The "*cavalier* "*servente*" system, not *cicisbeo*—for "*that* is now "grown vulgar and indecent"—does not appear to be so common at Naples as in other parts of Italy. Nevertheless the Neapolitan ladies do not enjoy an unblemished reputation; and how indeed should they *merit* such? brought up with the loose ideas of religion that are now incul-

cated; married, by their parents, to people whom often they have never before seen, how is it to be expected that all young women should resist the temptations they must afterwards meet with? But that they do resist them, I *almost* firmly believe.* The Neapolitan women are well instructed; better even than most of the men, whose *tournure* and manners do not, as with the ancient French *noblesse*, make up for their want of education. Their coarseness must be attributed, also, to the sentiment of their forced and absolute nullity, and the utter impossibility of their cherishing any ambition to attain, by their own

* At Florence, the future *cavalier servente* of the lady is named, by the husband, before the celebration of the marriage: and it is considered as a bad sign when the *future* refuses to have any such attendant: he is, in fact, merely a head servant, to attend the lady wherever she goes, and to be always at her orders. The cavalier of the Marchesa complained to me of the subjection in which he was obliged to live; but "he had "gone on so long that it would be dishonourable to *strike* for "his freedom." The Marchesa had just desired him to remain, and keep *her* company, on the night of a grand ball, at which he had told her he wished to be present. These *cavalieri* are generally persons of good family, whom their poverty obliges to this service; for which, occasioual presents and frequent dinners repay them. Thus a proverb says,

"I cavalier serventi,
"Son cavalier di denti."

merits, to any political rank. French is, all over Italy, the language of conversation, whenever a foreigner—that is, one of any different nation whatever from the rest of the company—is present. This language they generally speak well, though the pronunciation of the *u* often embarrasses them. Thus a Neapolitan, speaking to me of the "late" King, called him "*le* fou "*roi.*" But when alone and well acquainted, they always converse in the Neapolitan *patois.*

Most English, on arriving in France, find it difficult to conciliate their preconceived ideas of nobility with the number of Counts and Marquisses they there meet with; what then would be their sentiments, were they to come direct to Naples? Even a Frenchman mentioned to me the other day, that he regretted not being acquainted with the Principessa ——, but that, on his first arrival here, he had been so astounded and overcome by the grandeur of the titles amongst which he had been thrown, that he had demanded a respite, and refused to be introduced to any others. The title of prince—although, perhaps, its preponderance makes it more remarked—appears to be the most common at Naples; *cavalieri*, not "*serventi*,"—at least

not necessarily so,—are, however, met with in shoals. This plurality is to be attributed to their law or custom of succession: the elder son of a noble, of a Marquis for example, inherits the title of his father, the younger sons call themselves *Cavalieri — de' Marchesi ——; dei*, of the *family* of the Marquisses ——. The succession to property, and the distribution of it, are managed according to the French law, to the *Code Napoleon*, which is here in force. This title of legislator, due to Napoleon, is generally forgotten amongst his many other claims to fame.

The religious belief of the Italians is like that of the greater part of the world; with this difference, however,—it is free from scepticism. They receive, and profess to believe, all the articles of the Catholic faith; they question nothing, they doubt of nothing, they deny nothing, they admit every thing; but this admission, this belief, alters nothing in their morals or conduct; they themselves never think on it; they have been brought up so; they have been told that that is the religion they are to belong to; they see it professed by all around them; none do, none ever have, arraigned its truth: they have never been called upon to decide between adverse

opinions, and they therefore allow those they found to continue as a matter of course. Although many adopt the modern spirit of *philosophy*, yet the generality seem to think their easy and inconclusive manner of professing the established religion to be less troublesome than would be a philosophical opposition.

The common people of Naples are, I think, devout; their behaviour in the churches is particularly decorous, and contradicts the assertions I have heard to the contrary. It is a striking sight to observe, when the Host is carried to sick persons, all the people in the street fall on their knees, the military posts turn out and present arms at the sound of the drum, the carriages stop short, and the occupiers incline their heads, or even kneel within them.*

But *apropos* of carriages: you have heard of the hackney nutshells, drawn by one small horse, and which hold one person, besides the coachman: he—the driver—stands *behind* his triangular gilt coach, and stretches to flog the horse over the head of the tenant of the vehicle, who, winking and shrinking from the whip flourished

* At Rome, on such occasions, people dismount from their carriages, and kneel beside them.

above him, finds it difficult to retain his hold of the reins which are left abandoned to his discretion, while the prudent driver keeps *himself* possession of the whip. Besides these, there are the ordinary hackney coaches, which are in great numbers. The climate of Naples is best shown by the fact of all these being open calashes: not even in winter have I ever seen a close hackney coach. In these calashes, or, when they are not to be got, in carts, the common people repair in great numbers to the fetes of the villages in the environs of the town: they then put their horses at full gallop; the animals and the coaches are canopied with green branches fixed above them, whilst the tenants themselves, crowned with vine sprigs and flowers, brandish green boughs in their hands, sing boisterous songs, and halloo to the people on foot, and to those in the coaches that pass them on the same errand: so exactly have they retained the exterior forms of the ancient Bacchanalia!

The Neapolitans are hated and despised by all other Italians. A Roman lately observed to me, "that it was most fortunate that Italy ex-"tended no further than it actually did; for had "it stretched further to the South, its ultimate

" inhabitants would, according to the established " gradation, be perfect devils incarnate." He then produced a number of arguments to prove, that, after the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, Naples had been colonized with Jewish prisoners. My Roman's rancour had, however, been chiefly excited by their finding fault with his Roman Italian; indeed, a Neapolitan once excused his not understanding me, by saying that I talked " *qualchè* linguaccia *Toscana*." You understand the damning force of the—*accìa* termination.

A problem, almost as difficult as that of the Jewish colonization of Naples, has often put the credulity of readers to the test, and has never, I believe, been satisfactorily explained: I allude to the report, that, in one of the early eruptions, the ashes of Vesuvius were carried by the wind to Constantinople. At present—and it may have been the same in the time of Procopius —one of the market-places, or rather quarters, of Naples is called Constantinopoli! Had the Strada di Toledo been then built, the same wind might have carried them, in the opposite direction, to the banks of the Tagus!

Much has been said by tourists about Italian preaching; that of Naples has, in particular

been held up to ridicule. It is true that it is very different from that of other countries; so much so, that, before reaching this place, the method followed by Italian preachers did not strike me as extraordinary. Here, I own, it is sometimes truly astonishing; but if the priests find that their violent gestures, their halloing, their howling, their sobbing, and all their other extravagancies, produce the desired effect on the audience, why should they not employ them? Is not their only aim directed at the hearts of their hearers? It is to be lamented that their only hearers should be of that class of society, and so educated, as to find this sort of eloquence most persuasive; but such being the case, I like and approve of their method. It is, however, not generally followed: on more ordinary and quiet occasions, I have heard my *curé* stand before the altar, and talk very reasonably in good Italian. When he reached any argumentative passage, which he particularly wished to inculcate on his parishioners, he would say, "But, in order that you may understand *this* "perfectly, I will repeat it to you in Neapolitan." When he quoted his text, or any sentence, in Latin, he added, "*Direte, Padre, cosa vuol dire?*

" You will say, Father, what does it mean? " *Ashpetta, mo velo dico*—wait, I'll tell you di- " rectly"—*mox*. This style may be found too familiar? He was preaching to the fishermen of the Chiaja.

I believe, however, that they sometimes rate the understanding of these hearers below its real level: for example. An Italian—not a Neapolitan, and, on that account, desirous of turning into ridicule whatever is Neapolitan—told me that he had just been hearing a panegyric on St. Januarius. Having brought the Saint into heaven, the preacher had begun to consider what place he should there assign to him. " Where " shall we put him," he said; " not on the " right hand of Almighty God, for *there* is our " Saviour Jesus Christ; not on the left hand, " for *there* is the Blessed Virgin; not on the " right of our Saviour, for *there* is St. Peter—" ' *Padre*,' exclaimed a lazzeroni, rising from his seat, ' *Padre, ecco, potete metterlo qui, che mene* ' *vado*—look, father, you may put him *here*,' pointing to his seat, 'for I am going away.' " Pretty stories to be related by a *Catholic*," you will say. When I mention them to you, I do it to censure the indecent familiary with which the

Neapolitan preachers are reported to treat these matters, permitting the fire and vivacity with which their climate impregnates them to carry them on beyond bounds. Thus they are said, and I believe with truth, to insult frequently the crucifix,—that is always fixed against the pulpit,—for the purpose of *then* asking pardon, and exciting to repentance. Let them resort to gesticulation, *et cætera*, to produce the desired effect on their hearers; but let them abstain from abuses, which, sooner or later, must injure their cause.

There is at Naples a curious superstition I have not yet mentioned to you: it is that of the *iettatori*, a sort of evil-eye influence. Persons remarkable for the ugliness or sourness of their features are fixed upon by the public as *iettatori*; are deserted by all the world; and those who chance to meet them firmly believe and expect that some unforeseen misfortune will, in consequence, overtake them. Few Neapolitans, even of the higher ranks, are free from this superstition. They carry about their persons a piece of horn, or coral, which they believe to avert the danger incurred by meeting with one infected with this power of doing evil. In some *salons*

here I have seen large horns, beautifully polished, and placed on stands in the four corners of the room; these are to defend all visiters from all *iettatori* who may chance to enter. An English gentleman, settled at Naples, told me, that having once had occasion to visit the administrator of police, he found horns placed in every part of his house, from the bottom to the top of the staircase: this the administrator accounted for by alluding to the number of *suspicious* persons whom his place obliged him to receive. The late King wore, at his watch-chain, a small piece of horn, which he continually twisted between his finger and thumb; but with redoubled violence and care on grand reception days, whilst new and *unknown* individuals were presenting to him. His Majesty would have as little feared to meet the devil as Duke —, one of the first and most dangerous *iettatori* in Naples; a pleasant man,—in all but his face,—and who often called on me without my receiving any thing but pleasure from the intercourse.

I shall conclude this letter, and my preceding remarks on Naples, with a curious and popular song, which I have picked up I scarcely know how, and with some scraps of a Neapolitan

hymn, which I found behind a chest of drawers, in an inn in the North of Italy. In one corner of the sheet was printed, in large letters, LIBERTA; in the other, EGUAGLIANZA; in the center, "*Inno de' Napolitani a S. Gennaro.*" The hymn followed below; but, from the mutilated state of the paper, I could only make out the following lines.

"Glorioso San Gennaro,*
"Prega tu lo Padre Eterno,
"Che ci muti lo governo,
"Che ci dia la libertà.
.....
"Noi vogliam altro governo;
"Noi vogliam la libertà.
.....
"Van chiamando con menzogna
"Ladri, eretici, e ribelli;
"Quei che vonno da fratelli
"Liberar l'umanità.

* "Glorious St. Januarius—do thou pray to the Eternal "Father—that he would change the government—that he "would give us liberty.....We demand another government "we demand liberty... .....They lie, whoever term as robbers, "heretics, and rebels—those who wish, like brethren,—to free "humanity.—Thou who knowest the truth—and protectest the "people—do thou at length give us laws—and correct im- "piety.—As we have preserved—thy precious blood—do "thou preserve our's, threatened—by the rapacity of others.

" Tu che sai la veritade,
" Ed il popolo proteggi,
" Tu ci dona alfin le leggi,
" E correggi l'empietà.
" Come abbiamo conservato
" Il tuo sangue prezioso,
" Serba il nostro minacciato
" Dall' altrui rapacità.
" Come Napoli dal fuoco
" Liberasti tante volte
" Le catene sien disciolte."
.....
.....

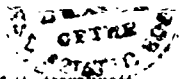
This hymn was, it would appear, composed at the time of the French invasion, when the "*dynastie de Naples cessa regner*," according to one of Napoleon's sublime and spirit-stirring proclamations. It was by addressing themselves, in the manner here displayed, to the religious sentiments of the various people they conquered, that the French armies first gained the confidence, and opened to themselves a road to the esteem and friendship, of the subdued nations. When the French generals forced their way into Naples, it was only by sending a strong guard to protect the shrine of St. Januarius,

" —As thou hast so often freed—Naples from the fire—let the " chains be broken....." The broken paper hindered me from making out the rest.

which nobody attacked, that they were able to prevail upon the lazzeroni to lay down their arms, and receive them "*da fratelli;*"—a more innocent means of persuasion than that followed by Napoleon, when his proclamations led the Egyptians to imagine that he intended to profess the religion of the Koran.

The song I alluded to above is, as you will observe, composed in the style of "*The House* "*that Jack built,*" or "*The frog that would a* "*wooing ride;*" and may be *presumed* to relate to Ferdinand the First, whom the inconstant humour of the Neapolitans gladly received in exchange for the "*libertà,*" and the French, they now so much regret. It begins thus:

"Il re bife scarafine,
"Andiede alla caccia bifaccia scarafinaccia;
"Trovò una merla biferla scarifinerla;
"La diede al cuoco bifuoco scarifinoco
"Che la facesse cuocere bifocere scarifinocere.
"La gatta bifatta scarifinatta,
"Mangiò la merla biferla scarafinerla.
"Il cuoco bifuoco scarifinoco
"Disse al re bife scarifine,
"Che la gatta bifatta scarifinatta.
"Aveva mangiato la merla biferla scarifinerla.
"Il re bife sacrifine
"Voleva ammazzare il cuoco bifuoco scarafinoco
"Poichè, per malacortenza bifenza scarafinenza,



" Aveva fatto mangiare alla gatta bifatta scarafinatta
" La merla biferla scarafinerla."*

Here the poem ends. What became of the unfortunate cook is left undecided. Let us, however, hope that the anger of the monarch discharged itself on the "*gatta bifatta*," whose undistinguishing hunger had satisfied itself in so disrespectful and illegitimate a manner. Adieu.

* " The king, &c.—went to the chase ;—he caught a black-
" bird ;—he gave it to the cook—to have it roasted.—The cat
" —eat the blackbird.—The cook—told the king—that the
" cat—had eaten the blackbird.—The king—wanted to slay
" the cook—because, by his carelessness,—he had let the
" cat—eat the blackbird."

LETTER XXXVI.

Naples, — May, 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

When the French first invaded Naples, the lazzeroni, or common people, were the firmest defenders of the throne of Ferdinand. That Prince had then their fullest affection: they were subdued, and received a foreign yoke. In the subsequent changes their minds became accustomed to compare the different governments that were successively imposed upon them; and they no longer considered the ancient dynasty as having an indefeasible right to their obedience. Yet to this dynasty they were still attached; and their adherence was strengthened by their just dislike to Joseph, the first French prince who

was set over them, and who, by his foolish extravagance, indisposed them to the name of his countrymen. To Joseph succeeded a hero who, in a great measure, conciliated their affections and reconciled them to his government. Under him, obedience in the higher classes was not "*honteuse*," was not shameful: it was severe, but it "conducted them to an end with which "they were acquainted, and to which they "looked forward with pleasure." They did not enjoy freedom; the state, even, did not enjoy independence: but the government was not despicable; it endeavoured to gain their benevolence; and their pride was flattered by belonging in some sort to a great nation, the dread and admiration of Europe: their ambition was, at the same time, excited by the possibility of advancement, and by the hopes of acquiring fame, importance, or riches in the service of that nation, or in their own country which was so intimately connected with it. The accomplishment of such dreams was probable; it was at least possible, and a wide theatre was open to their speculations.

At the overthrow of Murat, some received with pleasure their former and long exiled Sove-

reign. The natural desire of change had prompted them to wish for his return: but with his return they lost the advantages they had not sufficiently appreciated: and it was not till too late that they regretted Joachim, whom they had allowed to be shot by the despicable and despotic government under which they again found themselves secluded from the rest of the world, which had been so lately open to them; and deprived, in the interior, of all that might have offered some compensation for the loss they had sustained. The change was too great: the situation could not continue; and Naples with the rest of Italy demanded and obtained a constitutional liberty. But this liberty, this constitution was soon threatened by an inroad of foreign troops: the Neapolitan army fled at their approach: the newly-proclaimed institutions were overturned: the ancient government was re-established on its former footing, and was supported by the bayonets of an army, which, continually recalling to them their recent loss and blighted hopes, renewed their recollections and their regrets for the more amiable French invaders, who had long since evacuated their territory. Such then is their actual state.

The Neapolitans are accused by the rest of Italy of having basely deserted their cause on the approach of the Austrians. In their defence they alledge that their forces were divided and broken up, and that in one instance only they were permitted to meet the invaders. In that instance the Romans assert that they fled at the first fire, scattering their arms, and crying, "*fuimmo! fuimmo! che quà non si sta bene!*— "let's fly, let's fly! for one's not well off here!" —Yet the Neapolitans, whatever be the general supposition, are not devoid of courage: they *cannot* be devoid of it. Courage is an inherent, an animal, though sometimes a latent, sentiment which all possess, and which occasions rouse up and display. But when the sentiment is not improved and directed, it naturally feels the deficiency, and dies away before great and well organized obstacles. That the Neapolitans have personal courage is proved by their love of duels: and they assert that "*nel tempo dé Francesi*—in "the time of the French," when such combats were more freely permitted than they are at present, it was impossible to traverse a street without seeing broilers, of the two nations, thus engaged under the gateways, and in the

courts of the private palaces. The cruelties they used towards their French prisoners taken in battle, and whom they sometimes roasted alive by slow fires, and then tasted their quivering flesh, must be answered for by the governments which had kept them in the barbarous, savage state, without which such horrors could not have been perpetrated. English officers here have professed to me their conviction, that, were they well commanded, the Neapolitans would form excellent soldiers. The fund of energy which this people possesses appears to me very great: it may be fleeting, it may be transitory; but it exists, and only wants to be well directed. I have already alluded to the genius displayed in all that was written by them during their ephemeral constitution, when they had the freedom of thinking, and of imparting to others their thoughts. This freedom the different Italian governments have ever agreed in denying them. They see the danger that would arise to *them*, were a people so unnaturally broken up and divided permitted to make themselves, their ideas, and their wishes, known to one another. They perceive the advantage of keeping such a people embued with the sentiments of jealousy,

envy, and even of hatred, which have been delivered down to them from the time when, separated into petty republics, and waging petty wars amongst themselves, they prepared their present political debasement and nullity. Even in rival states which have been long united, this enmity still exists to an astonishing degree. The people of Sienna are still jealous of those of Florence; and the Pisans still behold with enmity, and with ill-directed shame, the chains of their once independent gates suspended to the tributary pillars that adorn the entrance of the Florentine baptistery.

Yet amidst this common hostility, there still lingers a common hope; they still look forward to a common deliverance; they still trust in a common discontent. They see the unfinished bridge over the Var; they see the half-opened road from Nice to Genoa; they see the abandoned but undecayed triumphal arch and arena*

* This arena is a sort of amphitheatré, commenced by Napoleon, and intended for games, wrestling, horse and foot races, &c.: in a few minutes it can be filled with water for boat races. The seats around will contain conveniently thirty-six thousand people. It was only made use of twice by the French, and is now neglected and abandoned. The *arch* is immediately without the town; and it was intended that the road from the

of Milan; and they see the easy passages over the Alps; but above all, they see their own situation, and the impossibility of the duration of such a situation; and, despairing of ever effectually combining amongst themselves, they expect and pray that those who commenced the public works, which, in their present neglected state, excite the admiration of all, will again return and complete them; and will again receive Piemontese, Milanese, Romans, and Neapolitans, and unite them under their more honourable yoke. Adieu.

Simplon, after passing under it, should traverse, in a straight line, the town of Milan, and terminate in the square before the Dome. It was to be constructed entirely of white marble; and on its basements are some finely executed bass-reliefs. The whole structure is now raised as high as the curve of the arch: all the marbles for the remainder are prepared. Capitals for the pillars, roses for the inside of the arch, all most beautifully carved, are lying around, and want nothing but being put together. Two horses, ten feet high, are sculptured, and were to be raised on pedestals on each side of the structure. By whom will this work be completed?

LETTER XXXVII.

Rome, May 11, 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

On the 6th we turned our backs on the "*bel paese là, dove:*" we had passed twelve months without sufficiently appreciating its merits. Our party had engaged the whole inside and outside of a large coach, drawn by three good horses: we had never before travelled with less than *four;* but no more could now be had, and we were unwilling to give up the *berline* on that account; besides, additional horses were to be harnessed at the foot of every hill. This manner of travelling is now very generally adopted; although few English would wish to have it supposed that they do not "post it," as their phrase is.

We therefore set off in our *berline:* our coachman—a Frenchman who heartily despised every other country but his own—was of a droll, talkative nature—no small advantage, when people are to be fellow travellers for a succession of days. He began by relating an adventure in which he had been concerned a short time before. He had been shewing his coach and horses to the English Minister at Naples, when returning to his inn, towards evening, he had met, in the Strada di Chiaja, three English who tottered, "*entre deux vins,*" down the street. They had answered his call to make way, by ordering him, with many "goddems," to turn his coach and horses aside. The question had ended in the front horse striking against one of the drunken party, whose companions had immediately flown at my future coachman, who now praised his own valour in having successfully defended himself until some Neapolitan *sous-officiers* coming up had rescued him from his assailants, and, discovering that he was a Frenchman, had led him into a wine-shop, where they had drunk in honour of his nation, of Napoleon, and of Murat.

With this sort of conversation we proceeded

along the dusty road to Capua. As we found tolerably good apartments in the inn of this place, we resolved to put up here for the night, rather than arrive late at St. Agata. In order to pass away the time, I strolled round the walls of the town, and beheld, from them, the setting of the last sun that had risen upon me at Naples. It was then that I began to regret the "fairy "land" and the "laughing wave," and, above all, the brilliant sun I was quitting, and whose beams would now fade paler as I advanced every day towards the north, and would be finally intercepted by the fogs and clouds of my native, but forgotten clime, where

—— "l'Angleterre triste et le front chargé d'ombres
"Comme une tache sombre,
"Importune et noircit l'azar brillant des mers."

Such, at least, is the idea that the greater part of Europe has of England. I hope soon to be convinced that I have too easily credited hostile or prejudiced opinions. The sun went down behind the hills, and I turned homewards, passing before the isolated sentinels and a party of three priests—the only well-drest people I had seen in the place—and consoling myself with forming projects of again wandering to

the south of Italy, and repeating the verses of Goldsmith:

> "Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
> "The sons of Italy were surely blest."

But the blessings of nature cannot content a nation, and a fallen nation, of which it can be so truly and beautifully said,

> "Le genti, a te già servi, or ti fan guerra,
> "E pongon man nelle tue treccie sparte."

The feelings which this, and their internal political situation, must excite in any people, easily account for a stranger's not wishing to live in a country and clime, which, nevertheless, he is unable to leave without regret.

The next morning I found our *voiturier* addressing all the servants and hostlers of the house in French, though he himself spoke Italian without difficulty. This extension of the French language is a benefit to all people: none can deny the advantages of an universal dialect, and none can contest to the French their undoubted and well-enforced right to this pre-eminence.

We crossed the wide stream of the Volturno, and left Capua fully persuaded that a modern Hannibal would have as much as the ancient

General to fear, in it, for the *morals* of his army. I employ this word in the sense the French give to it, and which is probably different from the acceptation in which the Carthaginian leader would have understood it: for example,—during the blockade of Malta, by the English, General Vaubois, "*tout en donnant ses soins au bien-être* "*physique de ses soldats,*"—that is to say, in encouraging them to cultivate vegetables on the fortifications of the place, to breed rabbits, &c. —"*crut devoir s'occuper aussi de soutenir leur* "moral *au milieu des ennuis.....il autorisa donc* "*la formation d'une troupe de commediens, et pro-*"*tégea l'établissement d'un spectacle, à la tête de* "*laquelle Nicolo Isouard, depuis si célèbre en* "*France, fut placé, et qui composa pendant le* "*siège plusieurs operas qui eurent un grand* "*succès. Le Général V. établit aussi des ecoles* "*d'ecriture.....de danse.....en un mot il ne né-*"*gligea rien qui put.....*" The French General must remain answerable for this digression, to make up for which I pass direct to the "*Albergo* "*della Villa di Cicerone*" at Gaeta. On entering the village, I had recognised an officer, in the service of Austria, who, seated at the door of a *caffè*, was smoking a cigar, and looking on

the sea with that disconsolate, *ennuié* air, which would attend most people in such a garrison. He lamented that he was sent to command, during one month, the German military posts between Fondi, Itri, and Gaeta. In the course of conversation, he afterwards assured me that, in the first two years during which the Austrian troops had guarded the extent of road over which his authority now reached, the *mal' aria* fever had carried off 400 out of 1200 men; that all these had expired within the 24 hours after the first sensation of illness; that, although his soldiers were, at present, in a great measure *acclimatés*, every sort of precaution was nevertheless taken, and as few as possible were quartered on the road. And this in rather a mountainous country!

On the following morning I walked out to the sunny terrace of the inn, and, looking over the grove of orange trees, and the dancing white waves that glittered immediately beyond it, my eyes rested on the blue unbroken sheet into which they faded, and on which I descried with difficulty the islands of Furia, Ischia, Procida, and Caprea, Vesuvius, and the hills of Sorrento, which bordered the horizon. On the right, the

fortifications of the promontory of Gaeta were firing salvos in answer to the salutes of a Neapolitan frigate which had just arrived under the walls of the prettily grouped town, crowned by the fort of St. Georgio. On board the frigate was the body of General Philipstadt, who had, with great bravery, defended the place against the attacks of the French, and who now—eight years after his death—was transported to the scene of his exploits, to be buried in the fort he had commanded. The smoke of the cannon overshadowed for a time the whole promontory, but soon vanished, with the detonation that had caused it, and left the "*eternam famam*" of the nurse of Æneas to survive the passing honours paid to the remains of the hero.

The scenery beheld from Gaeta is the only one I know to be compared to the bay of Naples.

The day was Sunday, and, after I had followed the population of the place to a small chapel situated on an eminence in a neighbouring field, I again mounted the *cabriolet* of our *berline*, and passed, escorted by my military friend, between the romantic, wild hills, and the miserably curious villages that cover them. Of these, Itri and Fondi are the most extraordinary: they are

said to be the country and cradle of robbers, and the dress of the men has certainly a very brigandish appearance. To begin *da capo*: they wear on their heads pointed sugar-loaf hats, the bands of which are decked with cock's feathers, branches of natural flowers, or glittering gold sprigs; gloomy brown or dark green coats, and short breeches; their legs are covered with bits of coarse cloth, kept tight by red or scarlet bandages, which are crossed above the instep, and which fasten under their feet pieces of thick leather, the edges of which barely turn above the sole of the foot: here then are the ancient sandals unaltered! Add to this *costume*, the long-barrelled gun, on which many of them leaned—for, it being Sunday, all the population was standing about the streets—and the shaggy, dark, marked features, and the steady, piercing eyes, that characterize them, and you will have an idea of this people.

We slept on the following night at Terracina, where we had the luggage *bollata*, on leaving a deposit to be restored at Rome if the seals were found unbroken. The inn here is large but ill directed: the master of it is said to have been, for six years, a brigand in the neighbouring

mountains. This, *au reste*, seems to be the usual way of beginning life in these countries: the Neapolitan *sensale* of our *voiturier* was known by the appellation of "*collo storto;*" his neck being awry, from his having been hung at Rome for murder; but, fortunately, the rope broke, and he was pardoned; his neck, however, remained *deranged.*

While the *dejeuné à la fourchette* was, on the next day, preparing in the tavern of Tortreponte —in the Pontine marshes—I wandered through a large, but deserted, Capucin monastery, part of which is now used as a hay-loft, part as an inn. Under the portico of the church, and over the door of the convent, is an inscription, saying that Pius VI. in the twenty-second year of his pontificate, having drained the Pontine marshes, "*templum in honorem Pauli Apostoli* "*cujus olim pedum vestigiis hic locus consecratus* "*est cum cœnobio a fundamentis erexit anno Dni* "*CIↃIↃCCXCVI.*" Is this, then, the *Tres Tabernæ?*

We found the inn of Velletri in disturbance, owing to a dispute which had arisen between an English gentleman and his French servant. The Englishman had, I was told, purchased in the Pontine marshes two little pigs, whose race

he admired, and which he intended to take in his carriage to England! He was, very naturally, anxious that they should be well fed, in order that they might support the fatigues of the long journey they were about to undertake; but the servant, who thought only on his present trouble, and who refused to transport his imagination to the future herds of Pontine swine which were to flourish beyond the British Channel, demanded imperiously, "whether he "had been hired as *valet de chambre*, or to feed "pigs? swearing that the pigs might die, if "they liked, for, from that moment, he would "never again touch them." Our countryman, resolved to do any thing rather than abandon his pigs, was therefore obliged to hire a boy to feed them; and I doubt not but that they arrived, in safety, to propagate their species in England.

The inn of Velletri was much improved since our last passage; for, as the King of Naples had lately slept at it, on his road to Milan, it had been cleaned for the occasion, and still shewed signs of its purification.

On the next day I visited the volcanic lake of Albano, similar to all those I had seen at

Naples: its banks are steep, regular, and covered with underwood. I refer you to Vasi and other antiquaries for an account of the tomb of the Horatii and Curiatii, the Amphitheatre, and the other ruins of Albano. Before reaching this place we had traversed a beautiful wood that covers the sides of a hill on which the Castel Gandolfo, a fine country seat of the Pope's, is picturesquely placed.

We now looked down on the dome of St. Peter's, and soon entered Rome by the same gate through which we had passed twelve months before. One year then had elapsed since that time! Travellers have spoken of the tawdry, petty appearance of Naples, to those arriving from Rome, and of the increased degree of admiration with which the monuments of ancient Rome are beheld at a second visit. My first sight of Naples had not verified in me the former part of this remark; and I now passed the church of St. John Lateran, and the towering walls of the Coliseum, without any other feelings than those of renewed disappointment and discontent. Rows of pilgrims were proceeding slowly in all directions; the number of black shell-covered tippets, of long staffs, and of sus-

pended rosaries, gave the town a more populous, though not a more worldly air. The idea of rejoicings had always been associated, in my mind, to that of a jubilee; and my interpretation was exact; the only thing that had misled me, was my notion of the rejoicings, which are here purely religious.

Our party was soon settled in good apartments in the Hotel de la Ville de Paris, Via della Croce, a civil, well-regulated inn, and rather cheap for Rome. Adieu.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Rome, 13*th May*, 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

"*Q.* WHAT is an indulgence?* "

"*A.* Not leave to commit sin, or a pardon "for sins to come, as some slander the church; "but only a releasing of temporal punishment, "due to such sins as are already forgiven us by "the sacrament of penance."

"Well, and what of that?" say you: "*ascpetta* "*mo ve lo dico*," as my Neapolitan preacher said. This is the "*Anno Santo*"—the year of the jubilee: I wish to give you an orthodox explanation of the word. Greater privileges

* See Douay Catechism.

are, however, attached to the indulgence of the jubilee, than to an ordinary plenary indulgence. There are some particular sins, some reserved cases, of which a priest is unable to absolve the penitent, without a particular permission from the Pope: during the "holy year," this permission is given to all priests; and, by performing certain good works, the indulgence, as explained above, is gained. Thus, at Rome, it is necessary to visit—after confessing and communicating—four particular churches, and to recite in them certain appointed prayers. These visits are to be repeated, by the inhabitants of Rome, thirty times during the year: fifteen visits only are required from strangers,—who might find it inconvenient to stay the time demanded for thirty. But particular privileged processions are made by the Pope, by confraternities, &c. and each of these processions is allowed to be in the place of ten, fifteen—more or less—of the visits to be otherwise paid by those who follow them.

As we intended to remain at Rome but *two* or *three* days, it would have been impossible for us to comply with either of these ways of gain-

ing the indulgence of the jubilee: but, in consideration of the shortness of our stay, and the particulars of our situation, we were empowered, by the Cardinal Penitenziere Maggiore, to gain it by visiting once the four churches of St. Peter, St. M. in Trastevere, St. John Lateran, and St. M. Maggiore; and by repeating, on the fourteen subsequent days, some particular prayers, in lieu of the remaining visits we ought otherwise to have made to the churches. You smile!.....Do so. I continue: as we *drove* from one church to the other, the tour was ended in two or three hours. I had always supposed it necessary to make this tour on foot: such is not the case. We found few people at the doors of the Basilicæ: these passed through the *porte sante* on their *knees*; this position is voluntary, and chosen from devotion. At each of the holy doors is a large box to receive offerings for the re-building of St. Paul's church: I regret having contributed half a paul towards this work, which I have already given you my reason for disapproving of, but which, fortunately, my gift will not very materially advance.

This *siècle de lumières* is not the *siècle* of pil-

grimages: there are, nevertheless, more pilgrims at Rome, than I had expected to find. The greater number are from Naples, Tuscany, and the Roman states; as most other secular governments discourage the taking of the staff and cockle shells. Apartments are prepared for them at Rome, and all, except those from within a circle of sixty miles from the town, are there fed and kept for three, four, or six days, according to the distance from whence they come: on arriving, their feet are washed, and they are served at supper by Cardinals. The spirit of the times is, however, best shown by the fact that scarcely any pilgrims travel and live here unassisted, and at their own expense.

I was yesterday on the Piazza of St. Peter's to receive the Pope's benediction. Owing probably to the frequency of the ceremony, the people assembled were not very numerous. After High Mass had been celebrated in the Sistine chapel, the bells of the church rang, and the bands of the troops drawn up in the *place* played. The Cardinals arrived, in succession, at the window in the centre of the façade: the Pope afterwards appeared, and was

carried through their ranks to the front of the balcony: the music and bells ceased. After sitting for some time, apparently in prayer, he rose from his throne; the people, in the square below kneeled. The Pope then stretched out his arms, joined his hands in prayer, and —while the bells and music suddenly recommenced—made the sign of the cross, moving his whole arm in the most dignified manner. Having again seated himself, he retired after a few minutes. The people, the music, the bells, the architecture around, the elevated situation of the Pope, and his solemn and dignified bearing, made the scene and ceremony particularly striking.

I am at a difficulty to account for my sentiments at this my second visit to Rome; for my little curiosity to see again its monuments; for the little alteration that a twelvemonth has made in my opinions on those objects I have revisited; and for my impatience to quit the town. I am—but I will not try to explain what I scarcely understand myself.

Seeing, however, that I could find no pleasure in a place, which, at my first visit, so greatly dis-

appointed all my expectations, I yesterday asked Pierre, our *voiturier*, if we could not set off on the following day? The coach was not prepared; he had offered a man eight pauls to clean and wash it, but his proposal had been rejected, it being a festival—the Ascension. "*Quand,*" Pierre had replied, in a rage, "*quand tu etois* "*brigand pendant cinq ans dans les montagnes,* ' *tu ne regardais pas tant aux fêtes*—When you "were, during five years, a robber in the "mountains, you were not so strict an observer "of festivals." 'I keep them now,' was the quiet and unresenting answer.

This morning the brigand's conscience did not oppose his washing our carriage; we shall, therefore, set off tomorrow. I have passed this day in the Museums. In the Vatican, I found a fine picture of George IV., painted by Lawrence. To be mentioned in this short, laconic style, is, you know, the aim of all artists and advocates for fame; as the painter Mengs informed Louis XIV., who was rebuking a courtier for what he deemed disrespectful familiarity, "*Ah, Sire! ne vous opposez pas à ce que* "*je perde ce titre de* Monsieur, *pour me defaire*

" *duquel je travaille depuis vingt ans.*". Sir Thomas Lawrence knows how to distinguish between his title in society, and his fame as an artist.

In the Basilica of St. Peter, while I was looking at Canova's monument of the Stuarts, some poor pilgrims came up to me, and asked, " *Non è vero, Signore, che sia la tomba d'un* " *santo?*—Is it not true, Sir, that it is the tomb " of a saint?" Now that the Stuarts can wish for no other title, a faithful Jacobite must hope that they are consoled in the possession of this one, so happily bestowed upon them by my Roman pilgrims; and the which will, probably, be left, unattacked, and perhaps unenvied, to their peaceful and undisturbed enjoyment.

I had but lately seen the temples of Pæstum, and how slim and paltry does the exterior architecture of St. Peter's, and, indeed, all Roman architecture, ancient and modern, appear, when compared to those solemn and stately monuments! How unsteady the pedestals, how meagre the columns, and how minute and florid the Corinthian capitals! And how light and unimposing the entablature they support!

Adieu: I shall never have quitted any town with greater pleasure than that with which I shall tomorrow take leave of the ETERNAL CITY, THE CAPITAL OF THE CHRISTIAN WORLD!

LETTER XXXIX.

Florence, 19th May, 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

AFTER leaving Rome on the 14th, we met great numbers of pilgrims advancing, in separate parties, to gain the indulgence. All were on foot, except a very few on horses or carts; all were of the lower classes; some in rags; many begged alms of us as we passed. "*Ils vont se faire laver les piés,*" said Pierre, who is a Protestant; he then added, alluding to their being served by Cardinals, "*Regardez* "*comme tout change de place aujourd'hui: un de* "*ces jours vous verrez mon cheval de conduit* "*prendre le fouet, se mettre sur mon siege, et me* "*faire trainer la voiture; vous le verrez, vous* "*dis-je.*"

With the perspective of this event, so positively assured to us, we breakfasted at Monterosi. A Frenchman entered the room; and being without *mauvaise honte*,—false shame,—which a Frenchman never knows, he considered that it would be more sociable and agreeable to all present, were he to enter into conversation with fellow travellers, than to sit in silence, at the opposite end of the same table, and regret that no mutual friend was present to introduce him; and this I have often seen between parties of English in Italian inns. My Frenchman abused most vehemently the Italians and Rome; which, he said, he had left that morning, but that he had ascended to the summit of the first hill he had found, in order to convince himself that the town was not following him; a pursuit which his terrified imagination led him to dread. Then turning to French politics, he talked on the excess of taxes, until, his bile rising, he was obliged to quit the room to recover his temper and coolness.

At Monterosi the roads to Sienna and Perugia separate: we took that to Perugia, our former passage by that of Sienna not prompting us to return by it. After quitting this road,

the immediate change in the scenery was most remarkable: we left a barren, mountainous, uninteresting country to enter a forest of scattered oak trees, the ground under which was well cultivated and covered with rich crops. This whole journey to Florence presents a succession of beautiful prospects, enhanced and varied by irregular woods and scattered trees. So different is it from the line of road through Sienna!

We slept at Civita Castellana, a small, ugly town, supposed by some to occupy the site of the ancient Veii; an opinion adopted by Pius VII. who, in an inscription I found in one of its squares, testifies that, on his return from the French, he had been well received by the Veiians, who had erected for him a throne and canopy, from which he had given them his benediction. The town is built on the edge of a deep and beautiful ravine, which a bridge traverses at the height of many hundred feet. Looking down from hence, I perceived the diminished figures of two washer-women, who knelt beside the small stream, which, following the course of the chasm, winds past the few cottages built beside it, and then loses itself amongst the fine, well-grown trees that spring from its lofty,

perpendicular banks. Soon after, on descending from an eminence, we found ourselves on the banks of a river that rolled its muddy, yellow waters under the arches of a good bridge; "*come* "*si dice questo fiume?*" I demanded of a peasant lad; "*è il tevere, signore,*" was the reply.

We then passed through a fine romantic country to Narni, and, traversing the delightful and rich valley watered by the streams of the Nar, we approached a thick, white fog that rested on the farther extremity of the plain, and which covered the modern town of Terni,—the ancient Interamna, the country of Tacitus.

We had wished to visit, that evening, the Cascata della Marmore, but no post-horses could be had: they were all taken by the widow of Victor king of Sardinia, who had passed us near Civita Castellana. Her suite consisted of eight or ten carriages, and guards: she was travelling very slow, for which Pierre had immediately accounted by saying, "*je vois déjà* "*qu'elle ne paye pas beaucoup.*"

We therefore supped quietly, and retired early to rest, in order to prepare for the next day's fatigue; for I had already bespoken a post carriage and horses.

The cascade of Terni is situated four miles from the town, and these four miles are monopolized by government; that is to say, that none can visit the falls with other than post horses. The fixed price for the excursion is one piastre a head, and 3½ pauls for the carriage, besides the regular *buona mano* to the postilions. For this moderate "consideration" the post engages to convey any number of travellers.

At five o'clock, on the next morning, four of our party set off in an open calash suited to the country, and drawn by two horses; we soon, however, met a third, which was harnessed before the others. We objected to the miserable condition of this conductor, but his master swore that the lameness, with which it was affected, only gave it additional strength.

After winding for a short time through a plain of olive trees, the road begins to mount a very rapid and difficult ascent. It is uneven, worn away by the rain, and bordered by a precipice, that increased in depth the higher we rose. It was formerly protected from this precipice by a wall of loose stones; but the German troops, who passed this way to Rieti and Aquila, amused themselves with rolling the stones, which

composed the wall, into the deep ravine below! it is to be hoped that, when they evacuate Naples, they will find equal amusement in replacing them.

But road, precipice, and surrounding mountains were now lost in a thick fog, which, owing to the late rains, rose from the valley, and rested on the higher ground. We could distinguish no objects but those immediately around us, and we passed in succession before the bush, the protecting rock, or the solitary tree that shot from it, and which we had fixed upon as momentary and wavering land-marks, that the mist gradually unfolded to our sight, and which at the moment we had passed beside them, were again enveloped in its impenetrable clouds.

Arrived at the point of alighting, we ordered the carriage to return, and await us at the village at the bottom of the mountain, as we intended to view the cascade from below. We then traversed a garden intersected by various canals through which the water passes in winter, when at the fullest: they were, at this time, empty. Our guide led us to the edge of the principal channel, cut, in the fifth century of Rome, as an outlet for the waters of the Lago di Luco, and

through which the rapid, but small stream of the Velino rushes, with great impetuosity, between the rocks and bushes of nut-wood that overhang it. This channel conducts it to the edge of a perpendicular precipice, 300 feet high; though the whole fall is 1063 feet. In the first division of the cascade, the stream leaps from the rock, and falls in an unbroken, but gracefully-waving spout of rolling, billowed foam. The effect of the fog was curious: from a rock on a level with the mouth of the canal, I saw only the summit of the cascade, which fell into the heaving mist that closed over it. Lower down I could neither distinguish from whence it came, nor whither it was going; a continued succession of waters was hurried before my eyes; the point from which they were precipitated, and the rocks on which they broke themselves, being equally imperceptible. I am here speaking of the first, perpendicular fall: the edges and summits of precipices have been levelled, and surrounded with parapets, wherever they command a view of this "hell of waters." The mist prevented me from embracing the whole cascade in one *coup d'œil;* and it was only from the different stands that I was able to obtain a

sight of the subsequent falls. The scenery around is perfectly well adapted to the harmonious and impressive discord of the cataracts. After viewing them from all the different posts made on the summit of the hill, and after giving "*buone mani*"—good hands, gifts—to all the men and boys who had levelled the ground, had built the walls, repaired the hedges, or had guided us to the edges of the different stands, we began to descend a difficult path, which, winding between rocks of alabaster and of petrified weeds, and unfolding to us the most beautiful prospects and landscapes, leads from the top to the bottom of the cascade. This path was lately made by order of Cardinal Gonsalvi: there was, before, no possibility of descending to the bottom of the valley, unless by making the tour through the village below.

The small stream of the Nera runs down the steep side of the mountain, but does not form even a "cascatella." It then joins the Velino, and both pass through an apparently very narrow aperture under a rock: they soon, however, re-appear, and, after again flowing under a natural bridge of small breadth, they roll, in irregular canals, between a most picturesque

assemblage of bold rocks, covered with green underwood, from amongst and above which arise several lofty and well-grown trees, which generally shoot from the very positions in which a painter would have wished them.

We then traversed a fine wood, watered by the same streams, and, at the end of an alley of orange trees that perfumed the air with their delicate, full-blown blossoms, we found the "Palazzino"—a neat country house—belonging to the Conte ——. My guide informed me that in this house the Princess of Wales and Bergami had passed a fortnight in each other's company. He testified as to their having been always seen walking together, and to their having retired at sight of strangers; but he said that no one from Terni had been called, as witness, to England.

We rejoined our carriage and afterwards our *berline*, andlef't Terni at half-past eight. We entered the inn of Spoleto, as a heavy shower of rain, illuminated by the most brilliant lightning, began to fall. I had watched with attention the gradual improvement that was observable in the looks and manners of the people, in proportion as I got further from Naples. The change now

began to be more remarkable, and it was with a pleasing presentiment that I beheld a dog-spit turning before the kitchen fire of my inn. At Naples, no such convenience is thought of: jacks, of whatever sort, are there used only in the great inns and in the very first families. When our apartment on the Chiaja was furnished, the kitchen was provided with three iron spits—of the size and shape of modern rapiers—one end of which was to be rested against the wall of the chimney, while the other was supported and turned in the hand of the cook!

Spoleto is the birth-place of Leo XII.: I congratulated the innkeeper on this circumstance; but, seeing that he received my felicitations rather coolly, I inquired if it was true that he was not much liked? "*Cosi pare*—so it seems"—was the only answer.

As we proceeded, next morning, across the valley of Faligno, the sky was clouded, and the air excessively cold: we were, therefore, agreeably surprised on finding the Church of the Madonna degli Angioli of that warm pleasant temperature which the Basilica of St. Peter preserves at all seasons. The Madonna degli Angioli is a fine, large, plain church, built in

the shape of a Latin cross, and crowned by a lofty dome. It rises in the midst of fields, by the side of the high road, and at the distance of one mile from the town of Assisi, the country of him who consecrated the spot now covered by this imposing fabric.

St. Francis was born, in the twelfth century, of a respectable family settled in trade at Assium. He permitted himself to be carried away by his piety, so as to neglect his father's business, and finally to make with joy a renunciation of his inheritance, rather than return home and abandon his devotions. He then put on the dress of the poor shepherds and peasants of the country, and begged alms for the repairing of several small chapels, amongst which was the since famous Portiuncula. Different persons, touched with his fervour, successively joined him, and adopted his habit,—the same as is now worn by the Capucins of his order. He forbad his friars—*frères*—to possess any landed property, or to accept any donations: he ordered that they should live only by the alms they received, or by their manual labour, for which they were to accept the necessaries of life, not money; and that their churches and houses

should be conformable to the poverty they professed. Such are the principle rules of the order of the Franciscans; which has since been divided into so many different branches, known by various denominations. The little chapel of the Portiuncula is built of irregular stones and mortar, and is evidently *genuine*. It is enclosed, like the chapel of Loretto, under the dome of the great church of the Madonna degli Angioli. It is much resorted to on account of the privileges and indulgences attached to it.

The town of Assisi, seen on the hill which borders the valley, appears to be composed solely of arched buildings and monasteries.

We soon ascended the lofty hill which supports the walled town of Perugia. I was surprised to find it regularly built, many of its streets wide and very handsome, and bordered with fine palaces and churches. These latter possess many good paintings of their native artist, Pietro Perugino. There is a peculiar beauty in the cathedral, of a sort of Gothic architecture: its two rows of very slim pointed plaster pillars reach to the roof of the nave: the two aisles being thus of nearly the same height as the *center* of the building, give the

whole a light, airy, and compact appearance. Over one of the altars is a beautiful painting of Baroccio. I should prefer Perugia to any town, not a capital, I have seen in Italy: its inhabitants amount to ten or twelve thousand.

It was dark, when, having descended the woody sides of a steep hill, and followed for some time the banks of the Thrasymene, we called up the keepers of a newly-established, uncomfortable inn. We were soon served at supper by five waiters; who, with their hats on their heads, ran against one another, and caused great confusion by their bustling, awkward good-will. Such were the inconveniences *we* suffered on the shores of the Thrasymene! I repeated Dido's "*exoriare aliquis...*," but applied it to the establishing of an opposition tavern. Nevertheless, as that we lodged at was evidently in the high road toward perfection, I do not doubt but that half its waiters, and all their hats, will soon stay below stairs; when it will be a most desirable *gite* for classical or picturesque travellers.

On the following day, leaving Cortona on the right, we refreshed at Arezzo. It was not without great pleasure that I again heard good

Italian spoken by the people,—by a people whose dress and appearance shewed that they respected themselves, and their own ease and comfort, and did not pass their lives as if waiting for death to deliver them from evils and inconveniences they were themselves too slothful to remedy;—that I again saw the carefully, neatly cultivated territory of Florence, and the black plumes of the trim peasant girls, who were walking in the market streets of the villages, with a nosegay of flowers at their breasts, and a string of roses round their white straw or black beaver hats; for the women of Tuscany, until of a "certain age," wear these hats, of the same shape as those of the men, surmounted by large black plumes, which give them a gay, shewy appearance.

A lone but well-served inn was our sleeping-place for the next night. On the morning following we began the last day's journey; and, traversing a country, the aspect of which improved with every step we made, we at length looked down on the pleasing, contented-looking plain of Florence, covered with a slight white haze, that reflected the beams of the sun, then descending behind the dome and its beautiful

belfry, and glittering through the slight fret-work of its Gothic windows.

Since leaving Monterosi, we had met but few pilgrims; most of them being, as I have before said, from Tuscany, they choose the road through Sienna, it being the shorter of the two. Adieu.

LETTER XL.

Florence, 21*st May*, 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You cannot conceive the pleasure I at first felt on again finding myself in a handsome, quiet, gentlemanlike, if I may so call it, town. *Here* is not the sullen, melancholy discontent of Rome; or the bustle, the noise, and the rags of Naples; *here* palaces and cottages are not intermixed indifferently in the same street; here, instead of "*immondezari*—dunghills" fuming at every step, *here* the streets and squares are adorned with bronzes and sculptures of Donatello and Gian Bologna; for *here* is the true country of the fine arts. Rome itself cannot dispute with it this title; which Florence claims

and supports by the extensive trade it makes of them, by its innumerable shops of alabaster sculpture, by the galleries it contains, and, above all, by the taste shewn by the people, and the interest they take in them, for *here* the body of the people are amateurs. At Rome the public galleries are open only twice a week; on those days they are frequented solely by artists or foreigners,—never by a *disinterested* Roman of any class. At Florence, the Grand Duke Leopold made a present of the gallery to the nation, and declared it the property of the state: and the state is worthy of it. It is open to the public on all days, except Sundays and festivals; persons are appointed to conduct visiters round the apartments, and to explain the contents to them: these *custodi* are most strictly forbidden to receive any remuneration. It is true, that few Florentines of the *higher* ranks are seen in the gallery; but I scarcely ever entered it without finding the *custode* engaged in explaining to fifteen or twenty men and women, of the town and country, peasants and common soldiers,—and these latter are numerous,—all of whom admire with discretion, and listen with attention to the kind and good-natured illustrations of the keeper. I

once visited the gallery when the pavement was repairing: in I there observed a poor working lad, who, on his knees, amidst heaps of bricks and mortar, fixed his eyes alternately on a statue, that stood by the side of the room, and on the white plaster floor before him. With a small piece of charcoal, which he held in his hand, he had drawn an exact and neat copy of the large statue beside him! At length, on discovering that he was watched, he effaced his *contour*, and fell again to his masonry, with the appearance of one who had been taken in fault.

As to the contents of the gallery, I was well acquainted with them, since I had, during my former stay at Florence, made up in its halls for the absence of any public promenade. Dupaty exclaims, "*voulez vous voir le Mercure "de Jean de Bologne? dépêchez vous; le voilà "qui s'envole.*" In the same manner one cannot behold the Venus of Medicis without trembling lest she should move forward, and derange the beautiful symmetry of her present position. It is astonishing how much the admiration of these works increases, in proportion to the number of visits paid to them by the votary. Thus my actual acquaintance with the museums of

Rome makes me appreciate still more this *tribune*,* the supreme center of sculpture and painting. Shall I venture to prefer its Apollino to the Apollo of Belvedere? I will: I will prefer the simple, quiet grace and unity of the one, to the rather disjointed, rather dancing, majesty of the other.

The Venus of Canova—in a room in the Palazzo Pitti—is a fine statue: it is, in a great measure, copied from that of Medicis. But, though partly veiled by drapery, this statue is less *clothed* than the severe, unaffected, unartful goddess of the *Tribune*.

No church at Florence is completely finished: all want their fronts, which are here composed of marble slabs, run up over a brick wall. The exterior architecture of the dome is beautiful; it is, however, far from being terminated. I doubt whether the dome of St. Peter's would have been undertaken, had not that of Florence shown the possibility of its being completed. The church of Santa Croce is known as the Westminster Abbey of Italy: it contains the

* The hall in which the *chefs d'œuvre* of painting and sculpture are assembled.

tombs of Michael Angelo, of Alfieri,* of Galileo, and of Machiavelli. On this last monument is the simple inscription, "*tanto nomini nullum par elogium.*" And, at the same time, no Catholic is permitted to read the works of this man! They are marked on the Roman index; and though leave to read most of the books thus forbidden is granted to those who demand it, yet the interdict is never taken off from the writings of Machiavelli. Whether this anathema against certain books be itself well judged, I shall not pretend to decide: the titles of the works thus condemned fill a large octavo volume. I do not know what are the penalties denounced against those who disregard the censure: whatever they may be, they are slighted by the greater number; while those who, attending to the veto, demand particular permissions, are precisely such as the works could not *injure*. I shall now transcribe to you the form of one of these permissions which a friend of mine has lately obtained

* This tomb to Alfieri was erected at the expense of the late Countess of Albany. During my former stay I had frequented her weekly parties, which were resorted to by all the English in the town. Here I have often heard good Jacobites talk to one another about "the Queen," the only way then left them of testifying their fidelity.

for himself and his son. As this person requested Cardinal —— to frame his petition to the Pope, I shall send you the Cardinal's letter also, as a sample of the style in which his Holiness is to be accosted on such occasions. It is addressed

"To the sanctity of Our Lord Pope Leo XII."

"Most Blessed Father,

"N. N. an Irishman, prostrate at the feet of "your Holiness, most respectfully represents to "you that in the year ——, it pleased the Lord "to make known unto him the truth of the "Catholic religion, and to draw him to it from "the schism in which he had been educated.

"Now as, on the one hand, he has regularly "performed his studies, and, on the other, he has "sometimes need of reading for his greater in-"struction some books which are forbidden, "thus he implores from your Beatitude the "necessary Apōlic permission.

"He moreover supplicates you to please "benignly to grant him the means of giving to "read to the eldest of his children, already well "instructed and founded in the principles of "Catholicism, some of the same forbidden "books; but, however, always under his direc-"tions and care."

"And he is ——."

On the other leaf is written the answer as follows:

—"Ex Audientia Sanctissimi.—

—"Die 2 Julii, 1824.—

"SSmus remisit preces arbitrio et conscientiæ proprii oratoris confessarii facultatibus necessariis et opportunis ad effectum indulgendi, ut idem orator, quoad vixerit, licite possit legere ac retinere, secreto tamen et sub clavis custodia, ne ad aliorum manus deveniant, libros prohibitos, exceptis libris, in quibus ex professo Catholica Religio impugnatur; exceptis quoque operibus Nicolai Macchiavelli, de la Mettrie, Lucretio italice reddito, Poemate *la Pucelle d'Orleans*, Adonide Marini, libro cui titulus *de l'Esprit*, tam Gallico quam alio quovis idiomate conscripto, necnon *Novelle del Casti*, cæterisque de obscœnis agentibus, ac libris omnibus de astrologia judiciaria tractantibus, et superstitiosa continentibus. Quod vero ad oratoris filium remisit preces arbitrio et conscientiæ ejusdem oratoris filii confessarii, sub prædictis exceptionibus ac conditionibus, et de licentia ipsius oratoris. Contrariis quibuscumque non obstantibus."

This is signed "P. F. Card^lis Galleffi." Below is stamped "Gratis;" and underneath is the impression of a coat of arms on a wafer three inches square.

Such permissions are not generally so full, so extensive, as this one I have transcribed. On the first petition of the *orator* few forbidden books are laid open to him; it is only on his subsequent demands that the number is increased: but the grant never extends to Machiavelli. A Florentine priest complained to me that though in his case the interdict had been taken off from almost every forbidden book, yet he was unable to obtain leave to read the historian of his own country. This strict condemnation is attributed to the work "Del "Principe;" but does the prohibition hinder Princes from being duly understood and admired?

On the morning of the 20th, I set off for Vallombrosa: I followed the banks of the Arno, which, rippling gently along its wide, stony bed, winds through a beautiful valley bordered with varied hills, and studded with picturesque villages, from each of which, in succession, the stream disdainfully turns its snout—"*torce dis-* "*degnosa il muso*"—according to the elegant

expression of the *Divine Comedy*, in which a man, with the soul of a poet, descended to the rank of a vindictive and blackguard partisan. At Ponte a Sieve I sent back my carriage, and began to ascend on foot the hill on the left: and, after a fatiguing walk of three miles, on a dusty high road, I found myself resting on the bed of a poor tavern in the village of Pelago. After breakfasting here on coffee, eggs, &c. an uncommon difficulty arose. So unaccustomed was the mistress of the inn to receive strangers, that she frankly owned that she had not the least idea what to charge, and desired me to fix the price: such embarrassments, although not often occurring, are soon removed, and I was enabled to continue my road, descending the precipice on which the place is built. Here, however, I was assailed by ten or a dozen boys, all of whom, in succession, or *en masse*, offered and enforced by various arguments their different claims to guide me up the hill of Vallombrosa. They combated my intention of dismissing them all, by saying that at Paterno I should find the whole country enveloped in utter darkness, on account of the neighbourhood of the steep mountain that rose, at a short distance,

before us. This intelligence was rather startling: I nevertheless continued resolute; when, finding that there was no chance of gaining their point, they asked for something "*per cárità*," which I divided amongst them in the manner of Sterne; and, having again rejected their reiterated proffers of service, I was permitted to continue my journey alone. But, during the whole excursion, I did not pass a single child, whether a "beggar by trade, or amateur," who did not demand "*un quatrinello* per carità.*"

On coming out of a wood, I found the dreaded Paterno, which, notwithstanding the assertions of my would-be guides, I found to enjoy as much daylight as any other part of the country: it is a large farming house belonging to the monastery.

From hence my path lay mostly along the edges of precipices, and through a wide wood of birch and oak trees, which covered the surrounding hills, and presented beautiful prospects of forest scenery. Most visiters take horses from Pelago to Vallombrosa, or place themselves in large,

* "A little *quattrino*:" five *quattrini* make a *grazia*, eight *grazie* one *paul*; one *paul* is worth 5d. Calculate how much the child demanded.

flat-bottomed baskets, which are drawn over the ground by bullocks.

At about a mile from the convent I found the *Padre Forestiere*, seated on a stone by the side of the road: I delivered to him my letter of introduction; he desired me to continue my journey, saying that he would have the pleasure of seeing me in the evening. I did so, and soon entered on the broad, paved walk, that led me to the regular building before me. It is enclosed in front by a high wall, within which is a small, vegetable garden: on the outside of this wall is a house for the reception of ladies, none of whom are permitted to enter the *clausura*; opposite is a large fish-pond. The house is handsome and very extensive; the church is fine. The rooms set apart for strangers are commodious, well fitted up, and separate from the part of the house inhabited by the monks, not one of whom, excepting the *Padre Forestiere*, I was able to see.

I supped, slept, and, on the next morning, breakfasted at the monastery; and, having made my donation to the *Padre Forestiere*, I descended the platform on which, for a summer residence, the convent is pleasantly situated, surrounded on

all sides, except in front, to the south, by hills covered with regularly planted woods of pine trees, which, when about a century old, are cut down and sent to the docks of Leghorn.

I had with me an Italian guide-book, from which I transcribe to you the following truly admirable passage: "*Il celebre Milton colpito da* "*un quadro tanto sorprendente ne cantò la sequente* "*similitudine*—the celebrated Milton, struck by "so surprising a landscape, sung it in the follow- "ing manner:

"Thick as autumnal scaves that strow che brooks,
"In Vall' Ombroso volıere th Etruian ihades
"Stigh overarch d' embrover .....
"*The Paradise sost.*"

And to "the Paradise *sost*" one must refer for an explanation of these lines.

At Pelago I took a gig with one horse, which the innkeeper, with an expressive *gest*, assured me would run "*paph! come il vento*—like the "wind;" and which, in fact, brought me back to Florence sooner than I could have expected.

"Florence ought to be kept under a glass "case"—"Florence ought to be shewn on "Sundays only." Such phrases are, doubtless, more applicable to Florence than to any other

town; but here even they cannot be received without some restriction, and a restriction in such opinions owns and confesses their possible exactness, and that they have in reality some foundation. The "glass case" was intended only for the *campanile*—belfry; than which a more graceful, and, at the same time, more minutely ornamented tower, was never raised. The other rapturous exclamation is, indeed, applicable to the Lung' Arno, to the quays on each side of the river, which, by means of a dam below the town, is here kept full of water. What can be more beautiful than the Ponte alla Trinità? What stream can boast such a bridge, such a piece of arched sculpture? Above it, however, the houses advance, on one side, to the edge of the water; and of two of the other bridges, the one is covered by lines of jewellers' shops, the other supports, on each pier, a shabby house, that intercepts the view of the river. The rest of the town is remarkable only for the pavement of large smooth slabs, and for the strong, stately palaces, which, built as fortresses, have an air of solidity and grandeur not to be found in our gingerbread modern dwellings.

The late Grand Duke is much regretted. He lived quietly, amused himself with building, and with the care of his *ménage*, and let affairs take their course,—the only thing demanded in a state like that he governed, or, indeed, in any state whatever. The parsimonious spirit of the present Grand Duke is complained of; a spirit which will, of course, go off, when he shall be accustomed to the disposal of the revenues of the state, and of the *immense* private property which he has inherited of his father. The Florentines, in their political situation, are certainly better off than the rest of the Italians: this they all feel and acknowledge. The only thing that would lead me to doubt of the sincerity of their sentiments is the violent assertions of perfect content and happiness which they pour forth, whenever their political existence, or rather non-existence, is made the subject of conversation. The military, indeed, complain of belonging to an army of four thousand men. *Au reste*, although at a former period I have passed thirteen months at Florence, I am, for a reason with which you are well acquainted, unable to speak of the Florentines in general.

This halt of three days at Florence has refreshened my recollections of the place, and reposed my fellow travellers. Tomorrow we shall again take possession of our *berline*, and continue our journey along the new road to Genoa. Adieu.

LETTER XLI.

Genoa, 27th May, 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

In traversing the rich plain that leads to Prato, we mistook our road, and wandered, for some time, through narrow lanes, owing to the obstinacy of Pierre, who had refused to ask his way in *Italian.* Pistoja would be a handsome town, but for a most uncommon defect—the disproportionate width of its streets!

It was late when we approached Lucca, through a long alley of trees. A soldier at the gate led us to a good hotel, *du Pelican.* The following day was spent in seeing the town, and in wishing for the next morning, when we should leave it. The palace of the Duke is more like

a royal residence than any I have seen in Italy. The churches of Lucca, Pistoja, and Pisa are curious on account of the sort of architecture which prevails in them all: the façades of all are formed of rows of pillars, which, rising one above the other, gradually diminish in number, and shoot up into a point; figures and flowers are beautifully carved on these short, slender marble pillars, which are often inlaid with mosaic.

Trees are planted on the walls of the town; the which would form a pleasant walk, if the place were not situated in a low, marshy-looking plain.

The word LIBERTAS, which the French removed from above the gates of the town, I found on a coat of arms, painted in one of the coloured windows of the cathedral.

Between Lucca and Massa we again missed the road from the same cause as before; but, after having nearly upset the carriage in broken lanes and woods of olive trees, we rejoined the highway, and drove past the mountains of Carrara marble. The mid-day sun falling on the grey white summits of these rocks, which, from their seeming transparency, mingled with the

hazy sky behind, produced a beautiful and extraordinary effect of light and shade.

On the next morning, the gulf and the islands opposite presented a fine picture from the top of the high hill we crossed on leaving Spezia. The road since Lucca had in many places been unfinished; but from La Spezia to the village of Borghetto it was necessary to ford seven or eight times the bed of a torrent, which, enclosed between beautiful woody mountains, had in several places carried away the new and unsettled foundations of the road; and on the whole extent of this road, as far as Genoa, not more than ten or a dozen workmen were employed by the various governments. I say *various*, being puzzled to recollect how many of them we traversed, and even what are their different names. The custom-houses marked our entry and our exit of each state; and these custom-houses were, I think, as follow, and in the following order. Going out of Tuscany; going into Lucca; going out of Lucca, and going again into a *branch* of Tuscany; going out of it, and again entering a part of the states of Lucca; entering and leaving those of Modena; and finally entering Genoa. I believe, however, that

some of the principalities neglect to keep export *dogane*. Our luggage was, indeed, *opened* by none of them, owing to the favour our courier had acquired with the different officers, to whom he was well known.

At six o'clock that evening we were on the top of a high rugged branch of the Apennines; the night was coming on apace, and so thick a fog covered us, that Pierre was unable to distinguish his front horse; the rain was falling in torrents, and splendid lightning flashed in all directions above and below us. On one side of the road was a tremendous precipice, defended only by small stones, placed at equal distances along its brink; on the other, perpendicularly cut rocks hung over us, and cascades of rain rolled down their sides, often covering the way with the earth and stones they tore from above: a dreadful hurricane was blowing, and, had the coach been lighter, would certainly have overturned it. In these dangers, Pierre gave us up to the judgment of the fore horse, whose head the fog hindered him from seeing! At one time, the wheels were on the very edge of a chasm we had just crossed over, on a bridge wider than the rest of the road. As we de-

scended the other side of the mountain, we left the fog, and found the lingering remains of a rainy twilight. But when we reached the plain, this last resource failed us; night and darkness were now come on; the rain still fell fast; the coachman was unacquainted with the road; nevertheless, by calling up the inmates of a neighbouring house, and by making one person explore the road on each side of the horses, and answer Pierre's questions of "is "that the path?" by 'no, it's a wall;' "is "that even ground?" by 'no, it's a deep muddy 'stream,' we at length got, with unhoped for safety, from without these narrow lanes, to a good fire in a civil inn of Sezia.

Thus far the country we had traversed had amply repaid us for the dangers of the road; the remainder of the Strada di Levante was beautiful. Bordered by trees and pretty looking villas, it followed the sea shore at a greater or less height above the water that broke and foamed on the rocks below. After traversing the small neat town of Chiaveri, the coach stopped in the Piazza di S. Marco at Genoa.

Here I alighted, knowing the difficulty we should probably have to find apartments, on

account of the concourse of people whom the assembled Sovereigns had drawn to the place. And my anticipations were not unfounded; for, after making fruitless inquiries at all the other inns in the town, I thought myself most fortunate in finding, at the Hotel Gebner, three rooms, for which I engaged to pay an extraordinary price for that night, after which we were to find another lodging. This was no easy matter: but after five hours of uninterrupted search, I at length met with a tolerable apartment, in a good quarter of the town—the Croza del Diavolo; and having fixed the rent at 300 francs a month, —the lodging had been usually let at 170,—we last evening took possession of it. Such being the case, adieu for the present.

LETTER XLII.

Genoa, 15th June, 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE Sovereigns I alluded to in my last were those who were present at, or who formed, the late Congress of Milan, and who had assembled here in consequence of the King of Sardinia's having declined the invitation to meet the Emperor of Austria at that town. Political matters being presumed to have been already settled at Milan, it was expected that fêtes and rejoicings without end would have been given on the occasion of their visit to Genoa: such, however, has not been the case. The first disappointment was at the procession of Corpus Christi—*fête Dieu*: it had been supposed that

Sovereigns who so closely connect their own cause with that of religion, would not miss the opportunity here offered of enforcing, by their own example and *en masse*, the principles they so loudly proclaim *en masse*. Nevertheless, the procession passed my window unattended by any of the princes: this procession differed from others, in a scandalizing particular I had no where else observed. The Host, placed on a silver altar, was carried on the unsteady shoulders of young seminarists, while the Bishop walked at some distance before.

On the night of the 4th, the principal shew of amusement took place: the streets were illuminated, at the expense of the town, lamps being placed on sticks fixed, at equal distances, against the walls of the houses: the effect was, as you may imagine, not very brilliant. On that night I was present at the grand ball, given also by the town, to the "*Augusti Personaggi.*" It took place in the Palazzo Ducale, *now* the residence of the *Governor*: the grand and superb hall of the Doge was lighted up, and contained, it was said, about 4000 people, more or less. The figures of the Doges and great men of the Republic are now replaced by plaster casts of

ancient statues, which the taste, or the senseless *sensibility*, of the Genoese prompts them to *clothe* in long linen garments! The "*Augusti* "*Personaggi*" of Austria, Naples, Lucca, Parma, and Sardinia, with their consorts, and ministers, were placed at the head of the room; but they sometimes rose and danced *polonaises*, that is, walked in succession through the apartments, the rest of the company following them, with their partners, two by two.

A few days after another species of amusement was got up: a *ragatta*, or rowing match, in the port. I beheld the entertainment from the terrace of the Palazzo Doria: refreshments were carried round to the Sovereigns and company there assembled.

Such were the rejoicings occasioned by this gathering together of princes. The rest of their evenings they passed amongst themselves, or at the theatres; and, a fortnight after my arrival, they had all quitted Genoa.

Francis the First, of Naples, had on his journey paid most particular attention to whatever could attract observation. He had ascended to the top of every mountain, and had visited *every* thing that could offer the smallest object

of curiosity. An officer, who had escorted him part of the road, assured me "that he had not "passed a bridge, not a house, not a cross-road, "without inquiring its name, to whom it be- "longed, or where it led. That, much em- "barrassed by these unexpected questions, he "had at length determined to *invent* names "whenever, as it usually happened, he was him- "self unacquainted with the object of the "question; and that these answers, whatever "they were, the King had immediately noted "down in his enormous quarto memorandum "book. But, his conscience rebuking him for "this deceit, he had, he said, mentioned the "matter to a superior officer, who had quieted him "with the assurance that the commander of every "different escort had adopted the same method."

There are two public theatres at Genoa: the one is said to be rather large, but to be on the point of falling for want of repairs; the other, in the King's palace, I was at last night. It is very small, of a bad shape, and was lighted only by four shabby lamps, fixed against the walls. This was the first time I had entered a theatre since leaving that of St. Carlo; and, as if to make the difference more striking, I found

the same piece performing *here*, as I had *there* left in the hands of M^me^ Fodor, &c.! The King of Sardinia arrived from Savona during the representation: he alighted from his carriage, dressed, and entered his box. At Turin he regularly attends the theatre; always staying to the end, be the performance good or bad, and causing the greatest silence to be observed by the spectators. But the favourite amusement of the King is said to be the *giuoco dell' oca*: why is this, in England, called the "*Royal* "game of the goose?"

Time has not yet consolidated the forced union of the Piemontese and the Genoese, nor diminished the mutual hatred which they still profess to one another. A Piemontese friend writes to me, that "he lived eight months at "Genoa, but that he did not find, amongst that "*abor*rita *gente* one single person worthy of "confidence and friendship." Others of that nation continually boast, that "Genoa is united "to them, not they to Genoa:" and complain that the revenue of Genoa barely pays the expenses of its government; to the which assertion, the Genoese simply reply, "*qu'ils le* "*rendent donc*—let them return it then." They

—the Genoese—say that they were betrayed by Lord William Bentinck, who promised them their ancient government, by proclamations, and by hoisting the standard of the Republic. They detest the haughtiness of the Piemontese; they assert that the taxes have been doubled, tripled, or quadrupled even, since their union; they regret the French; they regret the French wines which used to be universally drank, whereas, at present, an enormous duty is put on them, by which they, the Ligurians, are obliged to drink the wines of Piemont, which are not equally good, and which, without any imposition, are dearer than those of France used to be with the ancient tax. For the territory of Genoa itself produces but few wines: it is almost exclusively occupied by olives, and very little corn is grown on it. The plain, from the sea to the mountains, does not, in its broadest parts, exceed two miles in breadth.

It is not as yet determined whether we shall pass the summer here or not. Adieu.

LETTER XLIII.

Genoa, 27th June, 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE streets of Genoa—"are very "narrow," you continue. True, they have been often so described; but, as you must have already observed that I do not always follow the opinions of other travellers, you will not be surprised to hear me assert that they are *not* narrow. I speak of them in general: there certainly are some, the inhabitants of which may shake hands from the opposite windows, while their cats may leap from the sixth story of one house into the apartment on the same level of their *trans-stradal* neighbours. But the quarter of the Croza del Diavolo, of the Agostini, the

Stradone, the Strada Nova, Novissima, Balbi, and many others, bear a greater proportion to the narrow and mercantile parts than the best quarters of most Italian towns do to the airless lanes beside them. But what Italian town, or what town of any country, has a succession of palace-bordered alleys that can be compared to some of those I have mentioned? What town has so many handsome marble monuments,—for at Genoa every private palace is a monument, —as here follow in close order, uninterrupted by shabby houses and dirty shops? What Italian town has streets so well paved, so clean, and so unencumbered, as even the narrowest lanes here are? and these lanes are often intersected by wider streets, or themselves lead to good sized squares. These squares cannot, it is true, be approached by carriages; but their inhabitants have coach-houses in the more favoured parts of the town, where handsome equipages are often seen. Notwithstanding all this admiration, I agree that Genoa would be a most unpleasant residence. Confined by high hills, that advance upon it on three sides, it endeavours to encroach and gain ground on the sea. But the whole extent of sea on which it borders

is occupied as port, and encumbered by vessels; the unsavoury odour of which is wafted over the neighbouring streets. I had inhabited the town for ten days before I was able to discover the sea enclosed by this labyrinth. There is, in the town and environs, no public walk, except the as yet uninteresting *Aqua Sola,* laid out by the French; who, in their unceasing creation of promenades, seem to have inherited the portico spirit of the ancients.

Sea bathing had been our main object in coming to Genoa: the following description of the baths will shew you the impossibility of our fulfilling it. The water all over the port is, as you may suppose, far from being clear and pure; for, besides the refuse of the ships, it receives all the drainings of the town. Nevertheless, a boat is anchored in the center of it: on this boat are built small cabins, in each of which is a case of wooden spars, which four cords and a pully let down through a trap-door in the bottom of the boat. If one of the spars were to break, the bather might have the same fate as the victims of the *Noyades de la Loire.* Few ladies, however, bathe at Genoa: most people row out in boats, and swim. I tried this last plan; but it

was only with the greatest difficulty that I prevailed on my boatman to go beyond the mole. At every stroke of the oars he assured me the water was now quite clean, and that no gentleman ever went further. At length we arrived on the southern side of the mole and lighthouse: here, my old boatman told me,—in his vile Genoese *patois*, more difficult to be understood than almost any in Italy,—he every morning brought a beautiful young lady; who, with the assistance of her maid, drew close the curtain of the boat, and, enveloped in a great bathing-dress, supported herself in the deep water by clinging to the ladder with which these boats are provided.

Amongst the palaces of Genoa, that of Briguole Sale—called the Palais Rouge, from its being painted red outside—holds the first place; to which it is entitled by its beautiful collection of Guidos, Vandykes, Guercinos, and Carlinos, as the Florentines call Carlo Dolce. In the Palazzo Serra is the famous *salon d'or*. Of it I shall only say, that its Corinthian pillars are of white marble, thickly overlaid with gilding; the pannels of its doors are said to be covered with powdered *lapis lazuli*; the furniture is of richly embroidered satin; its form is not fine, and its

appearance, on the whole, is not extraordinarily rich. The *custode* exultingly informed me of the exact price of the *lapis lazuli*, and of the gilt pillars. I was told, that, on the day before, an English gentleman had passed, within its precincts, *three hours* of silent admiration: let us hope, or rather fear, to learn, in a new publication, the results of his long meditation.*

The churches of Genoa are numerous and rich, though small; but by one acquainted with the Basilicæ of Rome, few other churches can be found grand or handsome, excepting, indeed, those of Gothic architecture. The front of the Dome—by which I mean the cathedral,* or, as it is here called, the Chiesa di S. Lorenzo—is in the Pisan style, and rich in its white and black marbles, curiously inlaid, like mosaic. In it is a splendid chapel, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, the patron of Genoa; whose figure is on every coin. The beadle informed me, that, by a decree of the Popes, any woman who enters this chapel is, *ipso facto*, excommunicated; see-

* While on the Continent, I have sometimes been visited by English, who, with their memorandum books in their hands, have made the most particular inquiries concerning the prices of different articles, and the places I inhabited, and noted down my answers.

ing that it was a woman who caused the death of St. John. I would wish not to believe, even on the faith of a beadle, that any Pope should have pronounced so ridiculous an anathema.

The catino,—*emerald* dish,—in which the head of St. John the Baptist is said to have been presented to the daughter of Herodias, is usually kept in this church of S. Lorenzo; but, since the last ten months, it had been removed to the Palazzo Ducale, to be mended. I had some difficulty to discover into whose keeping it was committed; no one seemed to know what was become of it; I at length found it on the desk of one of the secretaries. It had been broken into several pieces during its journey from Paris. It was entire when packed up at Paris, and broken in this manner when unpacked at Genoa; and one of the pieces was then found to be wanting. It is now intended to surround it with a frame of silver, which will keep the separate fragments compact together. It was put into my hands with very little ceremony, and submitted to my investigation. It weighed lighter than it would have done had it been of glass: the carving about it, the handles in particular, seemed to have been cut out of what *then*

was a soft substance; holding it up to the light, it had not a clear transparency, but was interiorly full of air bubbles, some of which were very large, not round, but of an oblong and oblate shape, as if they had been compressed, and these were united together by irregular lines of smaller bubbles, which gave it still more the appearance of having been worked up while it was yet soft. You may now decide on its merits as an emerald. You perceive that I consider it to be a composite paste, for it is certainly not clear enough for glass. Whatever its substance may be, does not alter the possibility of its being the true dish in which the saint's head was placed; indeed, its being declared a non-emerald would render the identity more probable. The story of its having been taken from the treasure of the Jewish Temple to serve at the last Supper of Christ, is too foolish to demand a refutation.

There are some good paintings in the other churches. In one of these, pointed out by the guide-book, I requested a priest to shew me where they were hung. "*Ma che quadri volete "vedere?*—But *what* paintings do you want to "see?" he demanded, as if unconscious that his church possessed any of particular merit. In

another church the beadle shewed great surprise at my demanding to see the paintings; but he, nevertheless, began to describe them regularly, "*Quello è San Giovanni Battista, quello è la* "*Madonna, quello è San Marco, quello è.....*" that is St. John the Baptist, that is the Ma- "donna, that is St. Marc, that is ....." 'But 'who are they painted by?' I demanded. "*Oh!* "*questo poi non lo so*—ah! I can't tell *that.*" So much for the Genoese taste for the *belle arti.*

In some of the churches of Genoa I remarked, near the holy-water basin, the figure of an old man, intended to represent the Ancient of Days, with a red painted triangle on its head, and holding in its hands a small crucifix adorned with flowers. How do the Genoese clergy reconcile this with the decree of the Council of Trent,* "*E medio tollere sedulo curent, ac tene-* "*antur, quæ vel avaritia, idolorum servitus, vel* "*irreverentia, quæ ab impietate vix sejuncta esse* "*potest, vel superstitio veræ pietatis falsa imita-* "*trix, induxit.*" Though, in the decree of the Council, these words apply to the celebration of Mass, and to the immediate service of the altar, they evidently extend to the whole worship.

* Sess. XXII. Can. ix.

Under the same head it is ordered, "*Ab ecclesiis "vero musicas eas, ubi sive organo, sive cantu "lascivum aut impurum aliquid miscetur, item "seculares omnes actiones, vana atque adeo pro- "fana colloquia, deambulationes, strepitus, cla- "mores arceant.*" I have already alluded to the English being permitted to make a rendezvous of St. Peter's, for them to talk and walk together during the performance of vespers. A short time since, Lady ——, mentioning that a friend in England had requested her to bring back some Italian church music, asked me, as a Catholic, what she had best procure. I recommended some waltzes, and Rossini's opera of *Semiramis*, as being the sort of music most frequently performed in Italian churches. In France, at military masses, I have heard the band strike up, immediately after the consecration, the well known air, *Di piacer mi balza il cor;* and, at other times, play the music of the *Trionfo di Bacco*, a ballet I have seen at St. Carlo. Would not the purging the Catholic worship of these abuses, which it itself condemns, but which render it ridiculous in the eyes of the undistinguishing and narrow-minded *philosophers* of the age, a class in which, unless the clergy look better to it,

the whole christian people will, before long, be comprehended,—would not, I demand, this be as effectual a means of inspiring respect for the religion, as the forbidding of certain books, and the *making* a certain number of Papal singers? Adieu.

LETTER XLIV.

Chambery, 6th July, 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

In going from Genoa to Turin the Bocchetta is not necessarily traversed, or, rather, it cannot be traversed; for a good easy road having been lately made, the ancient one is neglected, and is no longer "charitable." After sleeping at Novi, we entered on the uninteresting plain of Alexandria. I here speak as an Englishman; the French always admire a fertile plain as the greatest beauty in nature, and can only with difficulty be brought to conceive a relative admiration for romantic but more barren countries.

A short time before reaching Alexandria we

traversed the field of Marengo. The scattered cottages have now taken back their wonted appearance, and the wide corn-fields have sucked in the blood of those that perished on the grand day that immortalized the humble village, and the low modest spire that rises beside the high road. Yet, in passing this plain, I could not restrain my imagination, which peopled it again with the combatants; over whom the dreary aspect of the country and the lowering grey clouds seemed still to mourn. I sought for the place on which had expired the hero who had gained the day. A tomb was begun to be erected on the spot where Desaix had fallen: this monument had never been completed. Can it be believed, that the foundations of this tomb, raised by the friendship of Napoleon over the body of a brave and loyal general, were dispersed and scattered at the late irruption of the Austrians, who have in this manner avenged themselves on their fallen conqueror? Had it been a trophy of victory,—such as is said to be now raising by the *English* on the field of Waterloo,—its destruction might have been expected and excused; but a tomb!

An officer of the *état major* at Alexandria obtained permission for our carriage to pass through the Citadel, by which we avoided a *détour* of two miles, and gained time to go over the fortifications. I am no engineer, and can give you no description of the works: they seemed to me to be in perfect repair, and attracted my admiration as being the strongest I had yet seen. The French had expended great sums in fortifying Alexandria; their works, excepting the Citadel, have been since levelled. At the fall of Napoleon, the Piemontese retained the French cannon then in their country; and I could not without interest observe the names of the French Marechals and Generals engraved on these pieces: I remarked one inscribed NAPOLEON.

The King of Naples, in his passage through Alexandria, had visited the Citadel: he had asked the *Commandante* for a map, that he might the better understand the plan of the fortifications: on being informed that it was forbidden to shew such documents to foreigners, he had made excuses for having demanded it, saying, "that his esteem for the Governor was increased "by the refusal."

We had scarcely finished the tour of the works, when the *Signor Commandante* came out to meet us, accosted us most politely, and, though we had little time to spare, insisted on shewing us his private garden in the court of the Citadel. Here, in a cool, shady bower, we were agreeably surprised to find a table covered with wine and syrups, and a plate of small lumps of ice, which we put into our glasses, where it melted into a cooler mixture than common water could have produced. This is the way in which the Italians weaken their wine: the following anecdote will prove to you how common is their use of ice, or, in the more southern parts, of snow. After an insurrection among the Neapolitan galley-slaves—*forcats*—one of them had been condemned to death: on approaching the place of execution, he said that he was thirsty, and demanded a glass of water: it was brought him; after sipping at it he looked up at the priest, who attended to console him, and, with a pitiful air, complained, "*Padre, non è nevata*—Father, it is not iced." "*Figlio,*" replied the comforting priest, "*ecco "gli angioli che ti preparono sorbetti ad ogni "frutta*—Son, behold the angels who are

"preparing you ices made of every sort of "fruit."

But my Neapolitan *galérien* must not make me forget our hospitable entertainers of Alexandria: we now took leave of them, and continued our journey to Asti, the birth-place of Alfieri. The aspect of the country did not improve until the next day, on approaching Turin.

With Turin I was well acquainted: I had passed some time at it, when entering Italy, four years before. It is generally spoken of as a most magnificent, regularly-built town: that its streets are regular, there can be no doubt; but I have a particular antipathy to strait and uniform streets, which present to the eye no prominent object for observation; and now, after the varied architecture of the palaces of Rome, after the solemn aspect of those of Florence, and the light pleasing appearance of the Genoese habitations, the houses of Turin struck me as long lines of military barracks, uninteresting from their unvaried similarity. The arcades under them have a *triste* and dismal look, and the streets are dirty and ill-paved.

Although we were to stay but one day at Turin, I resolved to set off that evening and

revisit the Superga; for I was curious to know what change the sight of the churches and other monuments of Italy had produced in my former opinion of this structure. I drove to the bottom of the hill, but ascended on foot the steep and winding road up the mountain. An hour and a half brought me to the platform before the church. The exterior architecture I had always considered as barbarous: that of the interior, and the beautiful shape of the dome, I admired nearly as much as I had done at my former visit. But the marble columns and the walls, which had then struck me as most splendidly rich, I was now surprised to find rather shabby than otherwise, and that each pillar was formed of two, or even three, separate pieces of marble! I refused to ascend to the top of the dome, as the fog,* which covered the country, would have prevented me from distinguishing the windings of the *Fluviorum rex Eridanus*—which, by the way, is, at Turin, a very moderately small stream—as it flowed, in different channels, through the marshy-looking country below.

In the King's palace, I saw a large collection of fine paintings, which had been hung up and

* During six months of winter Turin is buried in thick fogs.

exposed since my first passage: at that time they were packed up together in a storehouse, where they had remained for the last century!

On the morning of the 2d, we left the Hôtel de l'Univers and Turin; and, after traversing the village of S. Ambrogio, we advanced along a good road, which gradually approached the mountains, entered their defiles, and followed the narrow, pleasant valley of a torrent, which guided us to the little town of Susa, situated, to all appearances, on the ruins of an earthquake, and from which the neighbouring Alps seemed to forbid all egress. As yet we had ascended but little; for here, and at the Col di Tenda, the rising of the road across the Alps is, on the Italian side, short, sudden, and unannounced; so well is it conducted through their projecting branches!

Although we had arrived early at Susa, yet I refused to be guided to the triumphal arch of Augustus: I had seen plenty of arches. You will understand this feeling when you shall, like me, have passed four years in seeking for renowned monuments, and in returning disappointed from the sight of them. I strolled along a street that led me out of the village. The

people here are cleaner, and look more *comfortable*—to use a word which some French say to be more the *fond*, the basis of the English language than "Goddem" itself—they look more comfortable than those of Tuscany even. I arrived on the side of an elevation that overlooked the burying-place of the village: bones were scattered on the surface of the ground, and in the holes which the scaffolding had left in the walls of the church-yard, skulls were fixed in most revolting symmetry. A heap of bones and skulls was also piled under a projecting part of the church. A poor woman who, seated on the wall of the *cimetière*, was suckling her child, told me that the priests were buried within the church, but that "*tutti l'altri dimorano là*—all the others stay there." I know no sight more affecting than this, of a poor mother, a beggar, giving suck to her infant babe, and rearing it to prospects and a world, of which *she* well knows the miseries; but *here* the consolation and the hope were at hand—the church and the grave.

At five in the morning we left the inn of Susa to ascend the Mont Cenis. I recollected what had been my sensations at my first sight

of the Alps on approaching the Col di Tenda; the awe with which I had beheld the clouds that hid the summits of the mountains, and my shuddering on looking down the perpendicular precipices that bordered the road. I now ascended Mont Cenis without any of these unnecessary terrors: thanks to Napoleon, the Alps are now passed without danger; and, walking beside the six horses that drew up our heavy-laden carriage, I admired, without fearing for *its* fate, the woods, the valleys, and the torrent of the Dora. It must, however, be allowed that the passage of Mont Cenis presents none of the "*belles horreurs*" of the Col di Tenda: the road is here bordered by no precipices, and the land is cultivated almost to the very summit of the mountain. The ascent ends in a perpendicular rock, that closes the outlet from a small valley: at the foot of this rock is the barrier, at which six francs are paid for every horse that passes; it, the barrier, had lately been removed to this situation, in order that all *renfort* horses might be obliged to pay the toll. But the cunning of our *voiturier* defeated that of the government; for, stopping his coach on the farther side of the limit, he sent back his six additional horses

and put to his own, which had followed up the hill behind the carriage, that they might be fresh for this extraordinary effort. On the summit of the mountain is a plain six miles long, enclosed and surrounded by rocks. In the centre of this plain is the inn; beside is the hospital, to which belong the small houses that line the road, at about a mile's distance from one another; and which, during winter, are necessary as retreats to travellers. High red crosses are planted, at every turn of the road, to guide passengers through the snow that then conceals it.

It was Sunday: the church of the *hospice* was full of people, who, with their curious dress and their uncouth Savoyard appearance, attended Mass, and sang the prayers in a manner far preferable to that of the musicians of the Pope's chapel.

The air is always cold on the summit of this mountain, which is covered with pasture that produces a particular and pleasant-tasted cheese, made of cow's, goat's, and a small proportion of ewe's milk. By the side of the inn is a small lake, which has all the appearances of having been formed by an extinguished volcano, and which is renowned for its excellent trout. It

must be regretted by *gourmands* that a better cook is not kept in the inn; but the appetite, which the ascent of the mountain procures to most travellers, renders the absence of this artist less sensible.

There here pierces through the grass a particular sort of rock, the points of which are remarkable for the peculiar white and alabaster appearance they assume from their exposition to the air. So different is the passage of the Alps, indeed the Alps themselves are so inferior to the grand and sublime ideas conceived of them, that Mr. ——, seeing but a few streaks of snow on the neighbouring mountains, was inclined to believe that they were themselves lines of the same stone as we saw before us; and it was not till after minute inquiries of the innkeeper, that he was persuaded to allow that tourists and poets did not necessarily mean to point out this alabaster, when they spake of the "eternal snows of the Alps." A doubt which *au reste* was not very misplaced in one who had passed the Alps in April and June without seeing any quantity of snow: but, if these snows are "eternal," the season of the year in which they are looked for ought to be perfectly

indifferent to their unlimited and unceasing duration.

The road down the opposite side is good, though steep, and is not so long as that up the mountain. Our *voiturier* drove us, AT A HARD TROT, from the summit to the bottom: so much for the passage of Mont Cenis and of the Alps!

The small village of Lanslebourg is immediately at the foot of the hill, on the Savoyard side. The dress and appearance of the people of Susa and of those on the top of the hill are completely different: we had left Italians below, to find *true* Savoyards above. The look and dress of these pleased me much: I had seen women whose *heads* were adorned with caps, helmets, or mitres,* and whose *feet* were covered with shoes or sandals, or had no covering at all: all which habiliments equally serve, in the books of prints, to set off to advantage the smiling figure of the peasant girl; although, in the eyes of a painter, the more rugged and unconfined is the dress, the more it becomes the human figure. This is still more true in a costume

* On the Piemont side of the Col di Tenda. These head-dresses, though of muslins, are, by the help of whale-bone, formed into the shapes described.

print, which cannot show the filth, of various qualities, that generally adheres to the graceful tatters of the original. But as the dress and the excessive cleanliness of the Savoyards prevent this difference and improvement in the copy, I here found the originals to agree with my preconceived notions of them. And although, as my "*Itinerario*" says, "the women near Lansle-"bourg wear on their heads pieces of dark "cloth, which increase their natural deformity," —a phrase and opinion fortunately unknown in the wild recesses of the injured dames,—yet their general appearance of *bonhomie*, cleanliness, and comfort, compensated, in my mind, for what was unpardonable in the punctilious eyes of my tourist.

The bed of the torrent Are—for in these countries the beds of torrents always point out the line which the road should follow, and, as in the Mont Cenis, one stream guides it to the summit, another conducts it down the opposite side—the bed of the Are led us through lofty, steep, and woody mountains, always interesting, and generally fine, into the small valley in which the village of St. Jean de Maurienne stands, surrounded and buried by perpendicular

hills. In one of these is a mine of silver and lead, which is worked by the proprietors of a small house, into which—having walked on before my carriage—I took shelter from a storm of rain. Near here is a fort, which the Piemontese government are erecting, at an enormous expense, to defend the passage against the French. My courier and *voiturier* displayed their military talents—for both had served under the Emperor, as has every man in France or Italy—by forming plans, according to which they declared they would, in half an hour, make themselves masters of the fortifications: and, to me, their plans appeared very practicable! In this manner the French soldier reasons on every movement that takes place on a field of battle; an intelligent spirit, which, though it carries him on, as the world knows, is sometimes found inconvenient in a retreat.

The ravine of the Are gradually widens till the confluence of the torrent with the Isere; a river which, many years before, I had crossed lower down its course. Having next traversed a pleasing, well-cultivated country, decked with many fine walnut trees, we yesterday looked down on the rich plain of Chambery, and en-

tered the Hôtel de la Poste, four days after we had quitted Turin.

Since crossing the Mont Cenis, we have found a sudden change in the temperature of the air. Cloaks and great coats have not been able to prevent me from shivering with cold: at this the people of the different inns are much surprised, as they themselves are suffering from the intensity of the heat! At one of the places, where we rested in the middle of the day, I endeavoured to warm myself by standing in the broad sunshine, in the middle of the high road; a waggoner, after observing me for a long time, at length came up, and kindly inquired, "if I was ill, and why I stood still in "the broiling sun?" *Broiling!* he had not just left Naples; of which I am almost tempted to exclaim, "*Stava bene; ma, per star meglio, "sto qui.*" Adieu.

LETTER XLV.

Pont Bonvoisin, 8th July, 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

After writing to you my last letter, I took a light gig, and drove to Aix-les-Bains, six miles from Chambery, on the high road to Geneva. Aix—*Aqua Gratiana*—is famous for its mineral waters; and in the cellar of one of the houses are some well-preserved remains of Roman baths. The town is prettily situated; and, during the summer season, is generally visited by about fifteen hundred persons. I went over the bathing establishment, which is large, and well furnished with shower-baths, *douches* of all sorts, &c.; and was conducted to the spot,

within the building, where the spring of sulphur first appears above ground: that of alum rises at a short distance. I was told that the middle heat of both is 114 Farenheit: after rains it descends to 112, and in time of drought rises to 116 degrees.

Near the baths is an establishment, within the precincts of which are a large garden, a theatre, coffee-house, and a drawing-room, in which dancing and music is carried on every evening, for the use of the visiters, who subscribe monthly a small sum. The rooms are neat and good.

I then drove through a pretty country of meadows and walnut trees, to the Lake Bourget, half a mile beyond Aix. This lake, though not particularly beautiful, is more so than any I have seen in Italy. I learnt, from some talkative peasants, that it is more than four leagues long, and one broad; that it is joined by a short canal to the Rhone, below the Lake of Geneva; and that so even is the level of this canal, that the waters of the Rhone sometimes flow into the lake, while those of the lake sometimes find an outlet into the Rhone. Much wood for building used to be thus exported from Savoy to

Lyons, and the boats used to return laden with salt they received from the French in exchange. A late decree of the King of Sardinia had, however, forbidden the importation of French salt; and my informers greatly complained that their commerce in wood would be, in a great measure, destroyed, while the price of salt would necessarily be much raised by its passage over the Mont Cenis. Is it in this manner that the wavering affection of the Savoyards is to be secured to the princes of Piemont? I have said *wavering;* for Savoy, like many other countries, regrets the dominion of the French.

A boatman offered to take me to an intermitting fountain, and other sights, on the opposite side of the lake. I declined the offer: but the sailing on, and the bathing in, this water must constitute one of the pastimes of the least sickly amongst the visiters of Aix-les-Bains. Ever since I left England, I had not seen so much grass and meadow as during this short excursion.

The town of Chambery is ugly and ill built: it possesses a handsome public walk. Its inhabitants speak particularly good French, and have pleasant, amiable French manners. It is

said to contain an agreeable and numerous society, though its population does not exceed ten thousand souls.

We left it on the morning after; and passing before a small volume of water that falls from a perpendicular rock, 120 feet high, we followed a beautiful road, bordered by woody mountains and the bed of a rapid torrent. We soon reached the mountain "des Echelles;" so called from its having been formerly passed by means of ladders placed against its steep sides. At present a grotto—it is with great pleasure that I again employ so descriptive a word—a grotto, like that of Posilipo, but not so wide, so lofty, or above half so long, pierces the rock, and leads, with a rapid declivity, to the opposite side; where an immense plain stretches before the traveller, who finds himself on a ledge formed on the almost perpendicular side of the mountain he has just passed through, and which he follows till a gradual descent brings him into a large village, or city,—for it seems to be a disputed question by which of these denominations Echelles ought to be known to the world; the opinion of my "*Itinerario*" on the subject is

shewn by its blaming the "*vanita*" which prompts its inhabitants to call their *village* a *city*. Stopping at this *place*—I leave the question undecided—to buy some fruit, it was brought to me in a scrap of paper, on which I found the following curious document, which I transcribe to you.

"*Procès Verbal de l'Assembleé Comumnale*
"*de St. Jean de Cour.*

"Du cinquieme Germinal an sept de la Ré-
"publique Français une et indivisible. Les
"citoyens de la Commune de St. Jean de Cour
"ayant les qualités réquises par la constitution,
"se sont réunis en Assemblée Communale dans
"l'édifice public du dit lieu pour tenir leurs
"séances; l'assemblée s'est provisoirement con-
"stituée sous la presidence du citoyen—qui a
"été réconnu pour le plus âgé des citoyens
"presents, lequel ayant pris place au bureau
"en cette qualité, a fait connoitre que les ci-
"toyens—etant les plus agés après lui, sachant
"ecrire, rempliroient provisoirement les fonc-
"tions de scrutateurs, ces citoyens ont aussi
"pris place à l'invitation du president, il a eté

" aussi réconnu que le citoyen—comme le plus
" jeune était appelé à remplir les fonctions de
" secretaire, le président a ensuite déclaré que
" l'assemblée n'étant pas encore définitivement
" constituée, on ne pouvoit s'occuper d'autres
" objects que l'election du président, secretaire,
" et scrutateurs définitifs, et qu'en conséquence
" le secretaire alloit faire l'appel nominal des
" citoyens que doivent concourir à cette nomi-
" nation. Le secretaire a fait un premier appel
" nominal des citoyens portés dans cette liste
" pour proceder définitivement à l'election
" susdite.

" Chaque votant appelé s'est approché du
" bureau sur lequel il a ecrit son bultin d élec-
" tion, après avoir prêté le serment individuel
" de haine à la royauté et à l'anarchie, de fide-
" lité et d'attachement à la République et à la
" Constitution de l'an trois.

" Tous les citoyens présents ayant votés, le
" president a declaré que le scrutin était fermé,
" et a prevenu l'assemblée qu'il allait être
" procedé au recensement et ensuite au dépou-
" illement des billets. Il est résulté que dans
" le vase du scruttin, il y avait vingt bulletins,

" et dans le vase soit carton contenant les noms,
" il y avait un égal nombre de billets. Ce dé-
" pouillement fait il est résulté que les citoyens
" cy-dessus nommés ont obtenus la pluralité des
" suffrages et ont été proclamés comme est dit
" cy-dessus.

" Le president a ensuite declaré à l'assemblée
" que l'objet de la convocation etait de proceder
" à la nomination d'un agent municipal, con-
" formément à la loi. Ce qui a été fait comme
" cy-après. On a de suite procedé par la voie
" du scrutin à l'élection d'un agent municipal,
" et il est resulté du dépouillement du dit scru-
" tin que le citoyen—a récueilli la pluralité des
" suffrages, et a été proclamé en cette conformité
" agent municipal.

" Le president a ensuite dèclaré que l'assem-
" blée étoit dissoute, de tout quoi il en a été
" dressé le présent verbal, le mois, jour, et an
" que dessus. Le dit president d'âge, n'a
" sçu signer, pour être illitéré, a fait le marque
" ordinaire.

" Marque, †de ——, *president.*
——, *scrutateurs.*
——, *secretaire.*"

In this document I was most astonished at the correctness of the style, and the purity of the language, in which there are fewer faults than were to be expected from the secretary of a "regenerated" village.

After Echelles, leaving on the left the plain I have mentioned, we entered a ravine more terrifying than any we had as yet passed. The road was, as it were, suspended on a narrow shelf, defended by a parapet from the tremendous precipice below, while the rocks projected above, and threatened to fall on whatsoever should pass beneath—a threat which, by the bye, they sometimes put into execution at the melting of the snows. La Dauphiné was on the opposite side of the stream that rolled below; and we soon arrived where, enclosed between less lofty banks, this small river Guer is crossed by the *Pont Bonvoisin;* a good name, in its apparently intended interpretation, for a bridge that unites the two halves of a village, each half of which owns a different allegiance.

Having easily satisfied the Savoyard custom-house, we crossed the frontier bridge, and drove into the court of the French *douane.*

While dinner was preparing, our luggage underwent the polite visits of the French officer; who replied to my observation, that "smugglers did not travel in large parties like "ours;" that "he saw what *we* were; but that "he had once met with a *contrabandier*, who "had with him a family of ten persons."

I asked the girl of the inn, if the inhabitants of each side of the bridge were obliged to obtain a passport to enable them to pass the stream? "*Non, Monsieur, on ne fait que nous fouiller de* "*chaque coté du pont: voilà tout.*" And this seemed as natural to her, as the opening the trunks did to me. Foreigners complain that they are worse treated on landing at Dover.

At Dover I soon hope to find myself; and, ere long, to have the satisfaction of receiving your acknowledgements for the pains I have taken to give you a detailed account of my residence in the two principal towns of Italy, and of my journey to this—the frontier of France. At all events I have found the writing of these letters a most agreeable employment of many listless hours. By regularly noting down my remarks on the different scenes and objects

here referred to, I have impressed each one more strongly on my mind; and, though I may also have strengthened the remembrance of some disappointments and unpleasing sensations, yet mingled with them is a fund of recollections, to which it will ever be most soothing to me to recur.

THE END.

Appendix.

N°. I. Vol. i. *p.* 68.

THE inferences I have drawn from this *Cantata* may, perhaps, appear unwarranted, though they entirely correspond with what I conceive to be the sentiments of the Romans. The whole of the composition is, however, so extraordinary, that I think it necessary to give the original language itself: it will, I believe, justify the interpretation I have put upon it.

CANTATA

PER L'ESALTAZIONE

AL SOMMO PONTIFICATO

DI N. S. PAPA LEONE XII.

FELICEMENTE REGNANTE

ESEGUITA DAGLI ACCADEMICI FILARMONICI DI ROMA

NELLA SERA 10 DECEMBRE 1823.

DEDICATA

A SUA EMINENZA REVERENDISSIMA

IL SIGNOR CARDINALE

G. M. DELLA SOMAGLIA

DECANO DEL SACRO COLLEGIO, VICE CANCELLIERE DI S. CHIESA,

E SEGRETARIO DI STATO DI NOSTRO SIGNORE.

Poesia del Sig. G. B. Gerardi.

Musica del Sig. Maestro Filippo Moroni
Accademico Filarmonico.

IN ROMA

NELLA STAMPERIA DE ROMANIS

MDCCCXXIII.

Con Licenza de' Superiori.

A sua Eminenza Reverendissima Il Signor Cardinale Giulio Maria Della Somaglia, Decano del S. Collegio, Vice Cancelliere di S. Chiesa e Segretario di Stato Di Papa Leone XII.

EMINENTISSIMO PRINCIPE,

QUEL sentimento di gioja, che destò nell' animo di tutti la gloriosa assunzione al Pontificato di N. S. PAPA LEONE XII. felicemente regnante, muove ora l'Accademia Filarmonica a manifestare la sua esultanza per così felice avvenimento. Né sotto altri auspicj, se non sotto quelli dell' Em'za Vostra conveniva che al Pubblico apparisse tale umile tributo, di V. Em'za, che prescelta ad essere l'organo delle sovrane beneficenze sopra i suoi sudditi per le luminose cariche che sì meritamente sostiene, essere deve altresì l'interprete dei voti, che i medesimi formano per la lunga conservazione di si buon Principe, e Padre.

La protezione, che l'Em'za V. ha sempre accordato ad ogni genere di Belle Arti, come è sicuro argomento di fiducia per gli Accademici Filarmonici che tale offerta sarà per esserle bene accetta, così i rari pregi, che adornano il bell' animo dell' Em'za V. fanno sperare che presentata ai piedi del Trono per le mani di tanto Intercessore, sarà per ottenere il sovrano favore, quale umilmente imploro, mentre baciandole la sacra Porpora, mi dò l'onore di protestarmi col più profondo rispetto

Di Vostra Eminenza.

Roma, 2 Decembre, 1823.

U'mo Devm'o, ed Oblim'o Servo
SIGISMONDO CHIGI.*

* He is a Prince of one of the first families of Rome.

PARTE PRIMA.

CORO.

L'Aurora che sorge
Il Sol, che tremonta,
Sollievo non porge
Al nostro dolor.
La Greggia smarrita,
L'Ovil più non cura,
Se perde l'aita
Del Sacro Pastor.
Le valli feconde
Son aride glebe,
Del fiume le sponde
Son prive d'umor.
E intanto la selva,
Nemica del sole,
Nutrisce la belva,
Del gregge terror.
Deh! sorga tremenda
La destra del Nume,
E questa difenda
Bell' opra d'amor.

ROMA.

Chi piange a me d'intorno?
Chi parla di terror? Misera! oh come
Già del Mondo Regina, in un instante,
Di squallor mi ricopro! Io cerco invano
Del Pastor, del Sovrano
L'immagine adorata. I figli miei

Sulla tomba del giusto offrono il pianto.
Povero d'acque intanto
Al mar discende il Tebro,
E dalle amiche sponde
A' miei sospiri, al pianto mio risponde.
Cerco in van l'antica gloria
Del Tarpèo sulla pendice;
Non avanza a un'infelice
Che la barbara memoria
Di quel bene, che perdè.
Il dolor, che nutro in seno
Mi conduce a lagrimar.
Ah! di speme un raggio almeno,
Giusto Dio, non mi negar!

GENIO DELLE BELLE ARTI.

Oh! come il tuo dolor mi scende, o Madre,
Nel più vivo del cor: troppo in un punto
Tu perdesti, lo sò: l'Amico, il Prence
Non sdegnò l'opre mie, tu lo mirasti
Fra le cure di Padre, e di Sovrano
Richiamar lo splendore in Vaticano.
Sotto i colpi del tempo vorace,
Si disperse la gloria Latina,
E piombâr nell'estrema rovina
L'alte moli, che il Mondo ammirò.
Ma una voce dal fango le scosse,
Le sostenne una destra possente,
Ed il tempo sdegnoso fremente
La sua falce, fuggendo, spezzò.

ROMA.

Ma qual donna celeste il piè qui volge?

Il Genio.

Ve', come ha mesto il guardo,
E come in braccio al suo dolore atroce
Bagna di pianto la paterna Croce.

Coro.

Salve, degle Uomini
Difesa, e speme,
Nel mar, che freme,
Guida fedel.
Fra tante lagrime
Non sembri quella
Eletta, e bella,
Figlia del Ciel!

La Religione.

Ah! chi di voi m' addita
Il fortunato avello, in cuo riposa
Il mio sostegno, il difensore invitto
Dell' altar, della Fé: libera almeno
Su quell' urna potrò versare il pianto.
Quivi de' miei nemici
Spero sottrarmi al minaccioso artiglio
E mi fia scudo la virtù d' un Figlio.
Avvolta in dense tenebre,
Senza conforto, e Duce,
L'umanità colpevole
Di mia celeste luce
Un raggio desiò:
Ma quando in Gerosolima
Venne l'eterno Sole,
Allor del voto immemore

La maledetta prole
Luce si bella odiò.

Il Tempo.

Perchè di pianto il ciglio
Voi bagnate, perchè? Forse del Nume
Il voler, la possanza a noi fan guerra?
Piange, è ver, sulla terra
L'umana prole, in mille affanni assorta,
Ma spesso un sol momento
Cangia in dolce piacere anche il tormento.
Tutto dispone il Cielo
A vantaggio dell' Uomo: io stesso accordo
Sollievo all' infelice,
Ed è talor si forte il poter mio,
Che le aventure sue spargo d'oblio.
Dov' è quel misero—che in mezzo ai gemiti
D'un mal, che l'agita—divorator
Devoto, e supplice—ver me non volgasi,
Calma chiedendomi—nel suo timor?
Ma l'infelice—già frena il pianto,
Scorda l'affanno—ravviva il cor:
E la speranza—fu solo intanto
Dolce sollievo—del suo dolor.

Roma.

Saggio tu parli. E la speranza un bene
Della vita sostegno: ei s' alimenta
Di ragione, e d'oblio.

Il Genio.

Ma quando eccede
L'idea d'un mal: quando nel cor profonda

E l' acerba ferita, e l' alma tutta
Nel dolor si concentra, ov' è chi possa
Scordar l' affanno atroce,
E di speranza udir l' amica voce ?

La Religione.

Nel mio Signor confido:
Ei la diletta Sposa ognor difese
Dalle nemiche offese:
Ei le rasciuga il pianto, e la consola,
E fra gli urti di barbara procella,
La guida in porto vincitrice, e bella

Il Tempo.

Forse vicina è l' ora
Del giubilo comun: le preci ascolto
Dei Ministri del Tempio: i mesti altari
Fumau d' arabo incenso: ecco si svena
La vittima di pace: Ah! non si tardi
Un solo istante ad offerir devoti
Su i vanni della fede i nostri voti.

Coro.

Vieni, su noi discendi,
Spirito Creator,
I nostri petti accendi
Del tuo celeste amor.
E al Gregge, che difendi,
Ridona il suo Pastor.

Roma, e il Genio.

Gran Dio, se in riva al Tebro
Fondar ti piacque il Trono,

Ricordati del dono,
Abbi di noi pietà.

La Religione, ed il Tempo.

La tua diletta nave
Sola nel mar si vede;
Ah! Se il Nocchier ti chiede,
Abbi di Lei pietà.

Tutti.

Quest' opra tua difendi,
Pietoso Redentor.
Vieni, su noi discendi,
Spirito Creator.

Coro.

Di battaglia chi desta la tromba?
Chi c'incalza terribile a tergo?
Splende l'asta, fiammeggia l'usbergo,
Siam perduti, più scampo non v'è.
Ma dagli astri una mano possente
Degli eletti lo stuolo difende,
Il nemico agli abissi discende;
E più bella sorride la Fè.

Roma, ed il Genio.

Vivo Sol, che l' alme accendi,
Della notte ah! squarcia il velo,
E serena torni in Cielo
La tua luce a scintillar.

La Religione, ed il Tempo.

Torni omai, deh! torni in petto
Del sorriso il puro incanto,
Cesse alfine il nostro pianto,
Abbia termine il penar.

Coro.

Felice l'Uom, che dell' Eterno in seno
Tranquillo si riposa:
Ei nella notte ombrosa
Godrà sicuro i dolci sonni almeno,
E non avrà timor
D' oltraggio insidiator.

Tutti.

Vieni, su noi discendi,
Spirito Creator;
E al gregge, che difendi,
Ridona il suo Pastor.

PARTE SECONDA.

Roma.

Che narri? E tu vedesti.....

Il Genio

Oh noi felici!
Nel placido silenzio della notte
Fra speranza, e timore il piè movea.

Di Quirino sul Monte:
Al Ciel volgea la fronte
In atto di pregar; quando improviso
Fiammeggiante splendor tutta circonda
Del Concilio la Reggia, e s'ode intanto
D' aere commosso un' aleggiar gradito.

La Religione.

Il prodigio del Cielo è già compito.
Lo splendor, che tu mirasti,
E splendor di Paradiso,
E quel Zeffiro improviso,
Fu lo spirto del Signor.

Roma.

Dunque il Gregge udrà l' accento
Del novello suo Pastor?

Il Genio.

E sì rapido il contento,
Che già scordo il mio dolor.

Roma, il Genio, la Religione.

Se de' Giusti, e se del Tempio
Fu sì breve il lagrimar,
Ah! perchè non torna l' empio
Oggi il Nume a rispettar!

Il Genio.

Ma qual plauso festivo
Risuona intorno, e qual di sagri bronzi
Armonico squillar l'aria percuote?

ROMA.

Oh! istante.....odi, son questi
Di pacifico Marte i lieti colpi.

LA RELIGIONE.

Ah! sì, tutto assicura al nostro cuore,
Che fu scelto il Monarcha, ed il Pastore.

CORO

Viva de' miseri
L'Eterno Vindice;
Viva de' Popoli
Il Padre, il Re.
Le nostre lagrime
Terge benefico;
Per lui trionfano
Giustizia, e Fè.

IL TEMPO.

Viva il Nume possente,
Dio d'eterna bontà, che tutto oblia
Dell' umana follia
L' ingrate colpe, e i figli suoi protegge;
Che fonda i Regni, ed il Monarca elegge.
Esulta, o Roma, e Tu gioisci appieno,
Onor dell'Umbria in sì felice istante. (1)

ROMA.

Che dici? oh! qual si desta
Insolito piacer nel petto mio!

(1) Spoleto, Patria di Sua Santità.

orse d'antichi Eroi progenie illustre...
ella Gegna splendor.....(2)

Il Tempo.

Ah! si fui questi
Il prescelto da Dio Gerarca invitto:
Ei Leon s' appellò: di lieto augurio
E per Noi sì bel Nome; e in ogni lito
Gli empj udranno fra poco il suo ruggito.

La Religione.

Eco de' voti miei
L' oggetto desiato: Ei di quel Grande
Già d' Attila spavento è il giusto Erede
Difensor dell' Altare, e della Fede. (3)

Il Genio.

Oh! come il Ciel pietoso
Le mie brame seconda: ecco l' augusto
D'ogni bell' arte, e delle scienze amico.
Come il Leon dell' Arno, (4)
Ei pur del Nome suo vedrà, le spero,
Questo secolo andar fregiato, e altero.

Roma.

Oh! qual conforto mai
Di giustizia, e d' amore

(2) Feudo, da cui prende il Nome la Nobilissima Famiglia del Somma Pontefice.
(3) S. Leone Magno.
(4) Leone X. che diede il nome al suo Secolo.

In tal dì m' è concesso; Ei pace addita
Nel dolce aspetto, e più nell'opre ancora,
Che il vizio abborre, e la virtude onora.

CORO.

Viva de' miseri.
L'Eterno Vindice;
Viva de' Popoli
Il Padre, e il Re!
Le nostre lagrime
Terge benefico.
Per Lui trionfano
Giustizia, e Fè.

ROMA, ED IL GENIO.

Di lieto giubilo
Esulti l'anima.

LA RELIGIONE, ED IL TEMPO.

Omai risuonino
Festosi cantici.

TUTTI.

Viva de' Popoli
Il Padre, il Re.

ROMA, ED IL GENIO.

Il Ciel per noi combatte,
Gli empj nemici atterra,
Vince, ma fu la guerra
Più breve del pensier.

LA RELIGIONE, ED IL TEMPO.

Chi fia Signor possente,
Che al tuo voler contrasti?
Forse tu sol non basti
L'averno a debellar?

ROMA, ED IL GENIO.

Sorge da valle impura
Nebbia del sol nemica,
Ma l'Astro non oscura
Del giorno apportator.

LA RELIGIONE, ED IL TEMPO.

Rupe dall' onda oppressa
Sembra nel Mar sepolta,
Poi della rupe istessa
L' onda lambisce il piè.

TUTTI.

Fonte d' Eterna luce,
Non ci negar conforto,
Guida la Nave al Porto,
Difendi il tuo Pastor.

FINE.

It appears to me, that, from this composition, I should have been justified in drawing much more forcible conclusions than those given in the text. But even these are sufficient to shew

that the Romans, like the rest of the Italians, *can* feel, *can* resent, and *can* hope.

This Appendix is long; but every part of it, even the dedication and title-page, appear to me worthy of the perusal of those unaccustomed to the style of writing, and the etiquette of the Papal government.

N°. II. Vol. ii. *p.* 177.

" Alla Santità di Nño Sgre Papa Leone XII.

Bño Padre.

" N. N. Irlandese, prostrato ai piedi di Vostra " Santità, rispettosamente le rappresenta, che " piacque al Signore fino dal ——, di fargli " conoscere la verità della Religione Cattolica, e " trarlo ad essa dallo scisma, in cui era stato " educato.

" Ora siccome per una parte hà eseguiti rego- " larmente i suoi studj, e per l'altra gli occorre " talvolta di dover leggere per sua maggiore " istruzione taluni libri, che sono proibiti, così

"ne implora da Vostra Beatitudine il necessa-
"rio Aplico permesso.

"La supplica inoltre a valergli benignamente
"accordare la facoltà di poter dare a leggere al
"maggiore de' suoi figli di già ben istruito, e
"fondato nei principj del Cattolicismo, taluno
"degli stessi libri prohibiti, sempre però sotto
"la sua direzione, e sorveglianza.

"Che E——."

To translate Latin "for the benefit of country "gentlemen" is a worn-out phrase, which cannot, perhaps, be exclusively applied to that portion of society. But those who do not know the Latin, may yet be acquainted with the Italian language; and for the benefit of these, (ladies, for example, with whom I am told the study is now very fashionable,) I have given the Italian of the one letter, while I have translated the other into English.

"*From the Audience of the Most Holy,*
"*2d July*, 1824.

"The Most Holy has referred the prayer of
"the suppliant to the judgment and conscience
"of his own confessor, who is endowed with

" the necessary and proper means of granting
" permission to the said suppliant, that, as long
" as he lives, it may be lawful to him to read,
" and to keep,—secretly, however, and under
" the keeping of a lock, lest they may fall into
" the hands of others,—all forbidden books;
" excepting those in which the Catholic religion
" is professedly attacked; excepting the works
" of Nicholas Macchiavelli, de la Mettrie, the
" Italian translation of Lucretius, the poem *la*
" *Pucelle d'Orléans*, the Adonis of Marini; the
" book entitled *de l'Esprit*, whether in French,
" or translated into any other idiom; also the
" *Novelle del Casti*, and others, treating of
" obscene subjects; and all books on judicial
" astrology, and containing superstitious matter.
" And also he has referred the prayer of the son
" of the suppliant to the judgment and conscience
" of his own confessor, with the afore-mentioned
" exceptions and conditions, and with the per-
" mission of the suppliant himself. Notwith-
" ing any thing in any wise to the contrary."

N°. III. Vol. ii. *p.* 228.

Here I had intended to insert a translation of the revolutionary document of Echelles. But all readers, whom it can interest, must be supposed le to understand French. Besides, such trea- able matter as "swearing hatred to royalty" ght, for fear of setting a bad example, and ng quoted as a precedent, to be "veiled in the obscurity of a *foreign, if not* a learned, language."

FINIS.

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ERRATA.

VOL. I.

ii. line 2, *for* together. In conformity, *read* together, in conformity.
70, 3, *for* hope is a goad, *read* hope is a good.
94, 9, *for* sceltro, *read* scettro.
165, 5, *for* Mola di Gaeta, *read* Mole di Gaeta.
208, 13, *for* generally hills, *read* generally holes.

VOL. II.

32, 17, *for* luago commodo, *read* luogo commodo.
68, 1, *for* Scuala di Vergilio, *read* Scuola di Vergilio.
107, 18, *for* Boucaire, *read* Baucaire.
116, 19, *for* the Marchesa complained, *read* the Marchesa —— complained.
127, 16, *for* cessa regner, *read* cessa de regner.
139, 17, *for* l'azar brillant, *read* l'azur brillant.
166, 20, *for* Faligno, *read* Foligno.
191, 15, *for* Sezia, *read* Spezia.

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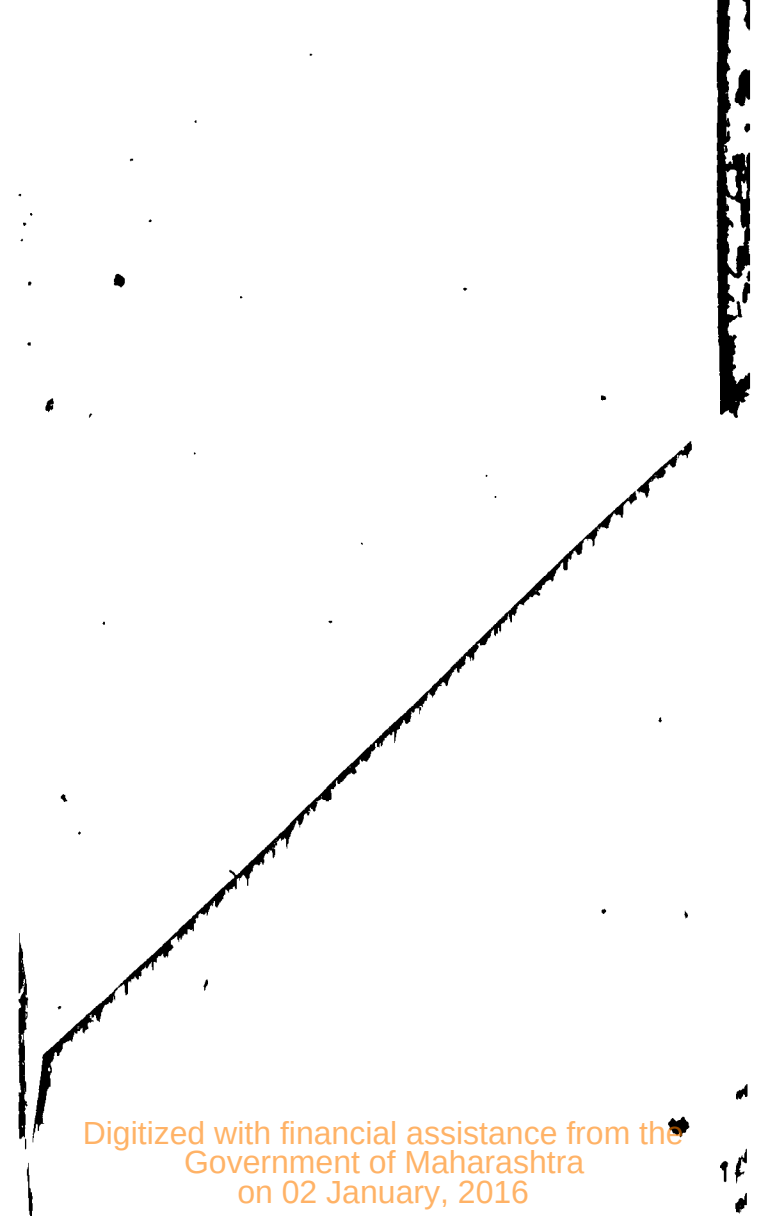

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